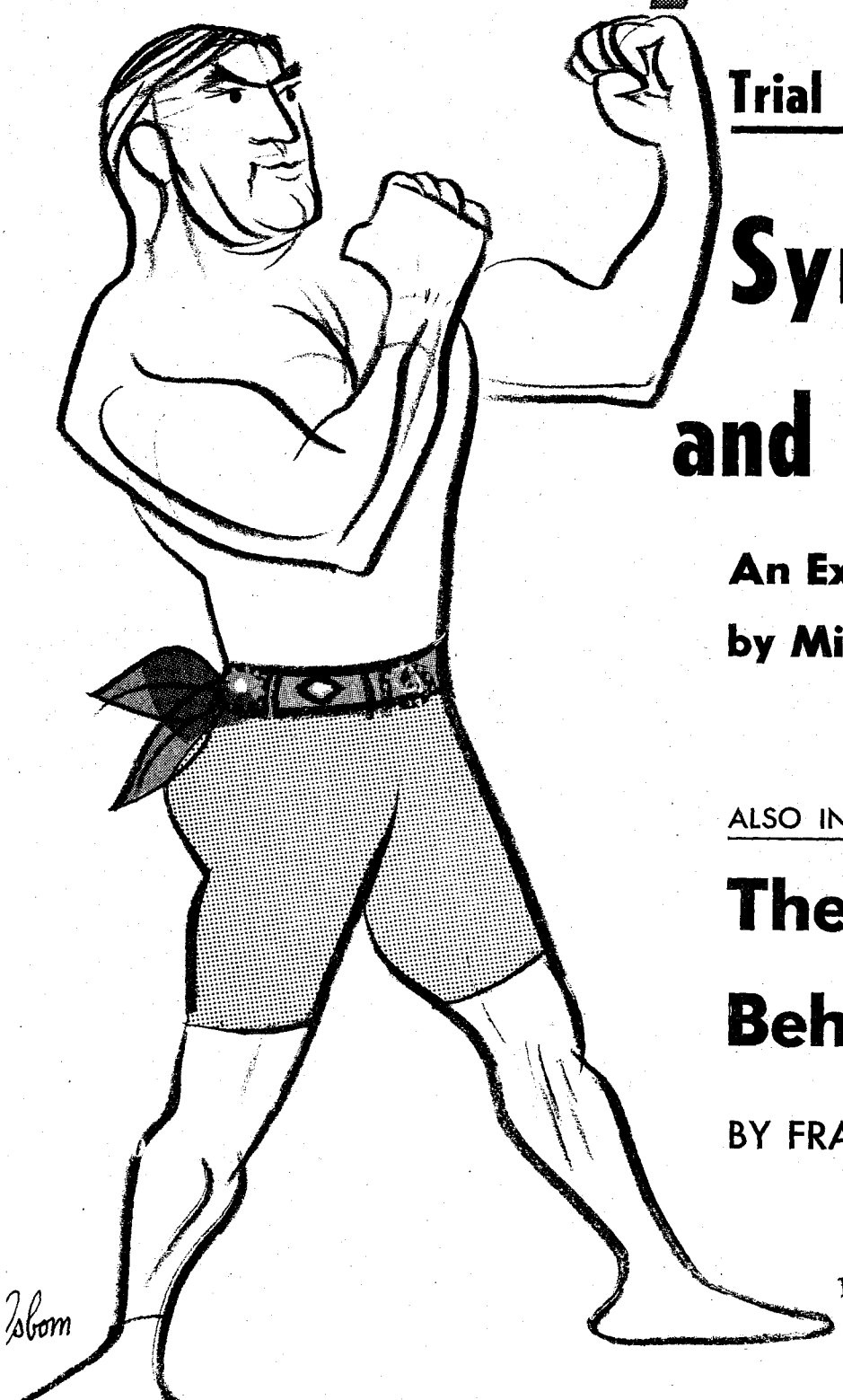
20c • JUNE 21, 1954

The House of Un-Representatives

New Republic



Trial by Television — VI

Symington and McCarthy

An Exclusive Report

by Michael Straight

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE:

The Man Behind FDR

BY FRANCES PERKINS

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T. R. B.

★

Washington Wire

We found ourselves unexpectedly watching Monsieur le President laying wreaths last week. The McCarthy hearings got too much for us and in no time at all we were winging over Europe, visiting London, Berlin, Paris in turn. The thing that struck us about M. René Coty was what a good idea it might be for Ike to use the same technique: confine himself to wreath-laying and ribbon snipping to the shouts of the multitude and leave politics to others as the French do. The French president's technique is good. The crowd assembles, there is a dramatic wait, then the motor outriders appear and then the big custom-built convertible Citroen with the top back.

You can see the president rise in the rear, grasp the front seat firmly with both hands and come down the clapping aisle with an expression of ineffable blandness. If Mr. Eisenhower followed suit the nation would unite behind his admirable likeableness. He would wear formal dress with tails, a boiled shirt, a brave red sash from left to right across his chest and a couple of gaudy sun-burst decorations. Ike like M. le President could then make inspiring little talks on generalized subjects, leaving the job of government to practical politicians. Ike in a red sash would become a symbol of unity for everybody. People would know his speeches were ghost-written and would blame mistakes on somebody else.

London looked clean and tidy, with the afflatus of the Coronation still lingering in the air like perfume. The center of the city shows a lot of missing buildings—conspicuous as lost teeth—because the government is concentrating construction on great new outlying suburbs. We were moved by the postwar statue of Roosevelt in Grosvenor Square, just where Banker Aldrich can see it from the American Embassy. In all innocence the English cannot understand that Roosevelt is still hated in America and that Washington has no memorial to him. Any conversation shows a rather bad state in Anglo-American relations; it would be far less serious if this were a tantrum but neither nation is now emotional — the difference is deeper and more frightening since it is over basic policy. Washington criticizes the Administration because the public has not been kept informed on Far Eastern policy; on a bigger scale the British seem blankly ignorant about the Dulles' moves, which appear to them inexplicable and erratic. When will Ike explain what America is trying to do, in simple, understandable terms?

Europeans seem enormously more disciplined than Americans, even the individualistic French. For example, we watched a little incident at Caen where the French police decided the rope holding back the crowd was too far back and let it down. There was no forward surge as would have occurred instantly anywhere in America; the three policemen told the crowd to move forward "at a walk"—it did; at the appropriate place the polite officers told the crowd to halt; believe it or not it did. It was a small crowd, in a holiday mood, out to see President Coty. Everybody was enormously polite.

Then in Berlin there was a poor but respectable old woman who saw a fallen branch in the road. The center of Berlin still seems half demolished but even the tragic rubble heaps seem somehow orderly and Germanic and where things have been picked up they are as neat as a pin. The woman stepped over the curb, picked up the stick, came back to the sidewalk and placed it down where it was no longer an eyesore. There are millions of tons of rubble still lying in Berlin, but nobody would think of dropping a piece of waste paper.

For the Western World the actions of the Russians often seem so imbecile as to be incredible. Here again is a thought prompted by a personal experience. We went down Unter den Linden to the Russian War memorial in Berlin, a tremendous and impressive monument. It was put up a month or two after Russian occupation before Berlin was divided between East and West, and it is now in the West (democratic) Zone, guarded day and night by relays of a couple of Russian soldiers with tommy guns. It is a curious situation: Berlin itself is an island in the Soviet Zone, and the great Soviet memorial is an island in the free zone. Well, the matter is a little one, but these two young Russian soldiers, who looked like nice, country-faced chaps the day we were there, refused to let spectators photograph them. There seemed no reason for this but their objection was persuasive when backed by tommy guns, the weapon troops use when they mean business. The soldiers seemed uncertain and embarrassed. The German visitors were courteous enough and wanted to be friendly. Once or twice they elicited a swift smile. But the two Red guards moved awkwardly away to one side: for some insane reason they could not be photographed, though this prohibition, like many others of the Russians, is enforced by fits and starts—nobody can tell when or why.

Of course the subject of McCarthy came up. If it isn't raised in the first minute of conversation with an old friend in Europe our experience is that it is always brought up before five minutes have passed. The big East Berlin Communist newspapers use the symbol of "McCarthyism" about as often as they do the Picasso peace dove. Never did one nation give to an enemy such an unnecessary and odious opening for attack. Cohn and Schine whooped it up in Germany, discovering with cries of horror books by Howard Fast and Jimmy Wechsler in the vastly successful American Information Services libraries and promoting the attack on Dr. Conant. Is it just the Russians who are insane in their public relations? What Soviet propagandist could have believed America would have given them a McCarthy?

Dublin during the recent Irish elections: "All we ask is another two years to complete our program."—"What's your program?"—"To stay in for another two years." Republicans note.

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Noteworthy This Week

BEHIND THE HEADLINES

War Party vs. Peace Party

FRENCH concern in Indo-China now is the fate of the French Expeditionary Corps—a force which can supply battle-tested nuclei for many divisions to hold other parts of the French Empire. A government which defined "acceptable peace" in a way which endangered that force has been rejected; whatever the political complexion of its successor, it will be required to disengage this force from Indo-China unless some other nation will bolster their position there. So regardless of developments in Paris, or the details of the now all but certain failure of the Geneva negotiations, the choice for the US remains essentially what was described in these pages last week (*NR*, June 14, 1954). Our goal is to save from Communism the whole of what is left of Asia. We can intervene in the battle of Indo-China in a way which will confirm Asian suspicions of our motives, hoping to undo that damage after victory; or we can seek a "new situation" in which Communist expansion cannot be camouflaged as "nationalism," or resistance to such expansion labeled "Western imperialism."

The US, close to intervention some months ago, has gradually been moving away from it. This vacillation is due to a "war party" vs. "peace party" division within the Administration. And that division not only has prevented the creation of a consistent policy for Southeast Asia, it has actively embarrassed our allies in their own efforts to find and follow a policy: the latest instance being Secretary of State Dulles' announcement that we would intervene in Indo-China only if the Chinese intervened first—made on the very day Prime Minister Laniel was to have faced the National Assembly in Paris, and after the French delegation at Geneva had been reduced to the one hope that the uncertainty of US reaction to further Viet-Minh military victories might encourage the Communists to negotiate.

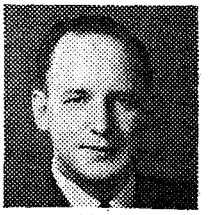
United rear

If the Administration in the hope of saving the balance of Asia now has settled upon "non-intervention" as its policy, it has some very hard and delicate work to do. A Southeast Asia Treaty Alliance must be formed. And it must be formed and presented in such a way as to ensure the benevolent neutralism of the key Asian nations which will not at the outset join it. Every effort to convince those nations to protest further expansion into Southeast Asia from any source also must be made.

What seems most required at this moment is that the Administration, once having chosen the course of "united action," prevent its "war-party" from sabotaging the entire delicate apparatus necessary to such action. Until that is done, such immediate problems as saving Laos and Cambodia from Communism, then Thailand, Burma or India, cannot even be brought close to solution.

Big Brother Reece

LIKE Orwell's Big Brother, Rep. Carroll Reece (R, Tenn.) wants to rewrite history. And as chairman of the Special House Committee to Investigate Tax-Exempt Foundations, he has the machinery to help him do it (*NR*, May 24). Everything is oiled for smooth running—the "facts" the Committee is to "find" have already been set forth in a staff-report, only those who agree that these indeed are the facts are called as witnesses. Only one thing has been overlooked. While most Republican members of the Reece committee co-operate by staying away, some Democratic members persist in coming to the hearings, even though Reece has refused to give them staff assistance. One especially is *always* there—Wayne Hays (D, Ohio). He is proving an expert at throwing sand in the machinery.


Hays

Reece is offended by what has been going on in this country since 1932. He does not deny that the changes in America during the past 20 years "were supported by an overwhelming majority of the electorate;" but he is sure they are the result of a plot. A conspiracy of educators engaged in brainwashing on a scale to stagger the imagination. Young American minds have been subverted into accepting such indecencies as "involvement in international affairs." The plotters are the tax-exempt foundations—Carnegie, Rockefeller, Ford, etc.

Hearings are being held, though it is not clear what purpose they will serve—the conclusions to be arrived at were stated in a Committee report written in advance of the hearings. Much of the testimony thus far has been given by staff members: they read excerpts of government reports, foundation reports, books, or anything else which might support their interpretation of history. Hays has tried, sometimes wearily, sometimes angrily, to explain to Reece and Co. that lifting things out of context is nonsense or trickery or both. Last week he beautifully illustrated his contention.

The Committee's assistant research

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director, Thomas M. McNiece, was in the witness chair. Hays interrupted to ask McNiece if he would mind giving his opinion on three short paragraphs dealing with social inequality, the need to better the lot of the poor and generally to institute social reforms. McNiece heard them, promptly labelled them "emotional products without one word of truth . . . closely comparable to Communist literature . . . parallel very closely Communist ideals."

Only then did Hays point out that the selections were from Papal Encyclicals—two written by Pope Leo XIII in 1891, one by Pope Pius XI in 1931.

Mr. McNiece was unmoved—and unrepentent.

While You Weren't Looking

A Sell-Out Is Planned

"BUY OUT the government!" former General Electric president Charles E. Wilson advised the Commerce and Industry Association of New York in 1952. Now it has become the slogan of a strong, well co-ordinated drive to force government to sell all its enterprises from the manufacture of false teeth to TVA. Leading this new crusade is a lobby, the National Associated Businessmen. It is allied with another lobby, the Committee on Federal Tax Policy, and the US Chamber of Commerce.

Sponsors of NAB's "Charles E. Wilson Plan to Buy Out The Government" include Col. Robert McCormick of the *Chicago Tribune*, Gen. Robert E. Wood of Sears, Roebuck, Charles Hook of Armco Steel and others. Hook, by the way, is also Chairman of the Hoover Commission's task force on Business Organization of the Defense Department—one of the President's "objective, fact-finding" study groups.

NAB itself has been around Washington since 1946, representing some 35 regional businessmen's groups. Originally it was known as the US Businessmen's Organization; it changed its name when the abbreviation came out USBO. It is run, along with the National Tax Equality Association, by a public-relations firm, Scott and Schuler, and has until now devoted itself to fighting for higher taxes on co-operatives. Under Loring Schuler, former editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal* and *Country Gentlemen* and one of the highest paid lobbyists in Washington, NAB is pulling away from the NTEA and busying itself exclusively with the fight to "stop creeping socialism." If the government sells everything, says NAB, it will net some $30 billion, collect taxes from the new owners and lower the national debt, the cost of government, taxes. In short, create a better world all 'round.

Depression and war have during the past few decades driven government into a growing number of business-type activities. NAB points out that government competes with private business in some 100 separate fields. Most NAB arguments center on those fields in which the competition is with small business or in which government activity is, on the surface, patently absurd. There are a number of activities government undertakes during one crisis or another and has never abandoned—coffee-roasting, paint-making, rope manufacture or dry cleaning, for example—where profit-motive alone could produce a product or a service as good or better. But having made this point, NAB spokesmen try to apply it to activities in which the profit-motive could not get one-tenth of the job alone. And these are the most important of government business-type activities: public housing, rural electrification, soil conservation, flood control, farm price support loans, social security, insurance, etc. It is these areas, where vast federal investment has resulted in valuable improvement, and not those in which a small businessman is forced, ridiculously, to compete with giant government, which really interest NAB and its sponsors. In 1950, the House Select Committee on Small Business concluded that the claim of NAB to represent small business was "false and misleading."

Rep. Frank C. Osmers Jr. and Sen. Robert C. Hendrickson, both Republicans of New Jersey, have jointly introduced an "Anti-Government Competition Act." It would set up a board to which businessmen could complain when they felt that an existing or projected government business-type activity created unfair competition in their field. The board—the Secretaries of Commerce and the Treasury, the Comptroller General and the Director of the Budget—would then weigh the individual case and make a non-binding recommendation to the President.

Such a board could provide the machinery for separating those government activities which private enterprise can do better from those which it cannot do at all. Yet as the Osmers bill is now written, the board also could be an instrument for dismantling such complexes as TVA or the Bonneville Power Administration and selling the profit-making parts. NAB and its associated lobbies are strong for the vague language of the present bill and are pushing it hard. The first fight will come at the hearings, not yet scheduled, where those interested in getting government out of activities best left to private enterprise, and only those, can insist upon precise language.

New Republic A JOURNAL OF OPINION
VOLUME 130, NUMBER 25, ISSUE 2065

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Published weekly and Copyrighted, 1954 in the USA by New Republic, Inc., publishing office, 301 N St., N.E., Washington 2, D.C. Editorial and business communications should be addressed to 1826 Jefferson Place, N.W., Washington 6, D. C. Entered as second-class matter September 26, 1950 at the post office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Single copy, 20c; Yearly subscription, $7.00; Foreign, $8.00; Armed Forces personnel or students, $5.00.

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While You Weren't Looking

Congress May Say: "Out of Work, Out of Luck"

WITHOUT the jobless insurance program, the nation would lose over $1 billion in purchasing power this year and unemployed workers could not maintain a decent living standard. Obviously this is the time to strengthen the law, raise benefits and extend coverage. But it is clear that Administration promises to strengthen it are insincere; the bill offered by Rep. Daniel Reed is *the* Republican bill; it contains no improvements.

The House of Representatives last year passed the bill; it is now before the Senate Finance Committee and headed for passage. The Reed Bill would undermine the financial structure of the unemployment compensation program while ignoring needed improvements. Improvements, however, are contained in a bill introduced June 3 by 11 Democratic (ond one Independent) Senators, and 80 Representatives. They apply to three areas.

Unemployment

1953	August	1,240,000
	September	1,321,000
	October	1,301,000
	November	1,699,000
	December	2,313,000
1954	January	3,087,000
	February	3,671,000
	March	3,725,000

Bureau of the Census

First, protection against joblessness is now denied to millions of workers not covered by the present law: employees of small business, federal agencies, farms and farm processors, etc. President Eisenhower recommended extending coverage and such an Administration bill has just been reluctantly introduced. But the Reed Bill is silent on this point.

Secondly, present benefits provide an average of only 33 percent of the worker's weekly wage. Duration of benefits—in some states only 16 weeks—is similarly inadequate, having caused almost two million persons to exhaust their claims in a short time in 1949. To bolster these provisions, the President has "urged" state action. But the states have done nothing. Many of the legislatures are dominated by those who seek more profits and new industries by undercutting the social legislation standards of other states. The Douglas-Kennedy-Humphrey Bill would provide nationwide minimum standards for improved benefits, increased duration and fairer eligibility requirements. But the Reed Bill is silent on this point too.

Third, several states—Rhode Island is the most notable example—have suffered a continuous drain upon their benefit fund from chronic unemployment. The present law provides no assistance in such cases. The risks of individual employers within each state are pooled on the "insurance" principle; but the present law fails to pool the risks of the individual states. To accomplish a more even distribution of the burdens of unemployment the Douglas-Kennedy-Humphrey Bill permits states whose reserves fall to a dangerously low level through no fault of the state itself to receive "insurance payments" from a re-insurance reserve to which all states contribute.

But the Reed Bill makes only a deceptive gesture in this direction—it suggests a loan fund. When concerned with national problems of health, education or public assistance, Congress grants aid to the states on the basis of need, without requiring repayment. A loan postpones, but does not prevent, disaster to the state reserve which has reached dangerously low levels. If a state must raise its rates to repay the loan, it loses still more industry to low-tax areas, and thus is faced with both dwindling tax collections and mounting unemployment claims. Moreover, many states appear bound by constitutional restrictions in seeking such loans.

But the most extraordinary part of the Reed Bill is that which provides for the distribution to the states on the basis of their payrolls of all funds collected by the federal unemployment compensation tax not expended each year on administration or the proposed loan program. States would receive—for administrative expenses as well as benefits—monies raised by a federal tax regardless of their need and regardless of the amount already received for similar purposes. The Reed Bill is most stringent in lending money to those states actually in need; but it gives outright handouts without standards to all states regardless of need. Inasmuch as this distribution would be in addition to the amounts appropriated by Congress as adequate for administrative purposes, this is a complete waste of unemployment compensation funds which should be reserved for the protection of the workers for whom they were paid—for payment of higher benefits or for assistance to states in difficulty.

Unfortunately, the Reed Bill is obscure and widely misunderstood. It is supported by most State Unemployment Directors anxious to get extra administrative funds, and by business groups hoping for a tax reduction. Although solidly opposed by organized labor and the friends of social-security legislation, it now has been approved with certain important modifications by the Eisenhower Administration. Assistant Secretary of Commerce Lothair Teetor has endorsed it wholeheartedly. With this kind of backing it may pass.

Gore's Challenge

IN A RARE display of political imagination, Senate Democrats have threatened to put the Republican leadership squarely on the spot with regard to a world trade program. Last year the President was frightened into accepting a simple one-year extension of the present antiquated Reciprocal Trade Act. He explained that the year would be used to "study" the entire problem and that this year he would come forth with a "bold new" program. A Presidential commission ground into action and finally submitted a recommendation—3-year extension; increased authority to lower tariffs. The President offered it as the "minimum" we could as a nation accept. Then he abandoned it and again settled for a simple one-year extension.

Now, Sen. Albert Gore (D, Tenn.) has warned Republicans that he will introduce an amendment—to the one-year bill already passed by the House—reinstating the President's "minimum" program. A number of Democrats will co-sponsor the amendment, and the Democratic leaders favor the move. Much will depend on the attitude of Sen. Walter George (D, Ga.); present indication is that he will not oppose the amendment, but may not be willing to wage a fight for it.

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Return to Two Parties in California

FOR THE FIRST time in 40 years, California Democrats will enter the November final elections with a full slate of party candidates. Under California's cross-filing system, it had become a Republican habit to cinch election by winning both primaries. And this in a state where there are one-third more registered Democrats than registered Republicans.

Democrats owe their success to several factors: Earl Warren is no longer on the scene; at the Fresno convention earlier this year the Democrats nominated a full slate of candidates and agreed to run them as a team; and for the first time since 1913, these men could be identified on the ballot as Democrats.

Until this year, no attempt was made to identify a man according to his party and many men ran as "bipartisan" candidates. Under this system, political parties were hard to build and easy to wreck. Republicans developed the habit of leaving the party affiliation off their literature and out of their publicity. With the mass media behind them, likewise leaving out their party affiliation, a voter was often confused as to what party his candidate belonged.

This year, after a close call which nearly eliminated the cross-filing system, the Republicans decided to add the party affiliation to the ballot.

Even this concession the Republicans tried to whittle down. They merely put the words "Dem" and "Rep" alongside the name. Philip O'Rourke, then a Democratic candidate for Congress, waged a battle to have the party labels spelled out. He lost, but he succeeded in his objective: forcing the press to publicize the change.

The primary results reflected growing dissatisfaction with "the mess in Washington." Farmers were sore, San Francisco's shipyards were graveyards, unemployment was still high, and the TV McCarthy hearings were just as disgusting West as they were East. And Indo-China is a lot closer to California than to Washington.

California was a miniature of what may come in November. More than a million dollars was poured into Goodwin J. Knight's campaign to cinch both nominations. It was the gaudiest display since the advertising firms helped the American people decide to like Ike.

"Goodie's" huge vote on both nominations was due in part to his vast advertising campaign and in part to some of the bickering within the newly organized Democratic slate.

Forty days before he received the Democratic nod as gubernatorial candidate, Richard Graves was a registered Republican. He was also a lobbyist for the municipalities, and in this paid capacity he pushed legislation labor unions opposed. These facts were gleefully reported in the Republican press . . . and you'd have to travel a lot of air miles to find a press as Republican as California's.

The AFL's League for Political Education failed to sponsor Graves, gave their support to Knight; and though many AFL unions backed Graves on their own, the wedge had been made; Knight posed as a friend of labor.

In general, McCarthy-type campaigns weren't successful. For example, a Congregational minister, Mark Hogue, won the Democratic nomination in the 16th District on the campaign slogan: "You, too, can help defeat McCarthyism." The 16th is now represented by Republican Congressman Donald Jackson whose identification of Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam as a friend of Communist fronts received considerable publicity this year. Also, to the credit of both parties, California's junior McCarthy, State Senator Jack B. Tenney was defeated in his bid for another term. It is the end of the line for the song writer (Mexicali Rose) whose use of bigotry in campaigns helped his Republican opponent, Mildred Younger, beat him by two to one.

Rep. Sam Yorty's strong position (in his attempt to unseat Republican incumbent US Senator Thomas Kuchel) was weakened by the last minute disclosure that he had sent four million franked copies of what appeared to be his answer to attacks. The newspapers estimated this cost $119,000 in postal fees. They raked him over the coals, intimating to their readers that large franking was something only Yorty did. Yorty's answer was relegated to the back pages.

In the sixth District, Rep. Robert L. Condon won a hands-down victory on the Democratic ticket. In spite of the attacks leveled against him (Condon had been refused admission to an atomic testing ground because he reportedly attended some Communist meetings in the past), no one seriously doubted that he would win, except maybe the national press.

Jimmy Roosevelt's 5-1 victory also came as no surprise. His much publicized domestic troubles merely brought his name before the voting public, and the Roosevelt name is good for votes any time, especially when times are hard. Roosevelt's nomination is almost tantamount to victory in November.

Lack of money hindered all the Democrats, but two men, Edward Roybal, Democratic nominee for Lieutenant Governor, and George Collins, nominee for State Controller, ran on next to nothing.

Roybal had only $20,000 for his statewide fight. Yet he was the only Democratic candidate to capture more total votes than his Republican incumbent opponent. Collins had even less money, rode streetcars to his Los Angeles meetings. Yet he received the second highest number of votes in both the Democratic and Republican primaries.

The only state official to win both his own and the other party nominations was Edmund G. (Pat) Brown, incumbent Attorney General. Brown has said he will campaign for the Democratic ticket. The party designation helped Republicans as well as Democrats in some cases, notably Republican candidates in the 19th and 23rd Congressional districts, in both of which Democratic incumbents Chet Holifield and Clyde Doyle are accustomed to winning both nominations.

So, even though all the Democrats but one trailed the Republicans in the primary, Democrats are hopeful. They're back in business. It was the youngsters (who entered politics to back Helen Douglas and stayed to work for Adlai Stevenson) who were most conspicuous in the primary. And when the Democrats meet in Sacramento in August, they may take the play away from the professionals. A return to the two party system could be the prelude to a November statewide victory so long denied the Democrats in a Democratic State.

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Wisconsin: No Clover in the Grass-roots

Madison, Wis. (NR Correspondent)

THE MOVEMENT to recall Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy came to an end on June 7 as editor Leroy Gore, who started the whole thing almost three months ago, left the state carrying all the recall petitions he had received.

He went to Chicago and deposited petitions carrying the names of about 300,000 voters on a 17-foot long table before newsmen. He had taken the petitions out of the state, he said, to avoid having them subpoenaed by District Attorney Harlan Kelley, who is conducting a "John Doe" inquiry into the "Joe Must Go" clubs, attempting to find out whether the movement was entirely on the up and up. Gore charges that Kelley's inquiry is politically motivated. A blind World War II veteran, Kelley made the nominating speech for Douglas MacArthur at the 1948 Republican convention.

On the surface, the task of the "Joe Must Go" clubs seemed simple enough. The club by state recall rules needed to obtain one-fourth as many signatures on their petitions as there had been voters in the 1952 Wisconsin gubernatorial race. They didn't reckon on the fact that the 60-day limit on recall drives (from the date of the first signature to the date of the last) had been set when the turnout for state elections was much smaller. There simply wasn't enough time to gather the 403,000 signatures needed to get a recall election.

The movement was spontaneous, there had been practically no planning, no organizational work done before the first signatures were obtained. In the vital first month offices were being set up, workers recruited—and very few signatures collected. It was only after the drive was extended an extra three weeks and the organizational work was finished that filled petitions began to flood headquarters, indicating that more organization and less amateurism might in the long run have been more effective.

Gore and his associates were unable to collect enough money to wage that kind of campaign. All told, they scraped together somewhat less than $20,000. The largest single source seems to have been a request to its readers to contribute by the *Los Angeles Daily News*. $5,000 was collected.

McCarthy forces in Wisconsin are chortling because Gore was able to obtain only about 335,000 valid signatures on his petitions, while in the 1952 elections Democrat Tom Fairchild polled 721,402 votes against McCarthy, with the latter running well behind his party. But voters behave entirely different when in the privacy of the voting booth, than when they are asked to state their views in black and white for all the world to see.

The statement by a doctor to this reporter, "I'm against Joe, but a lot of my patients aren't—I can't afford to sign," was repeated with variations by many citizens from all walks of life, all over the state. The situation got so bad that the *Milwaukee Journal* in an editorial said: "It is hard to believe that Americans can be afraid to sign perfectly above-board and legal petitions and be afraid to express their own opinions."

Gore

The *Journal* told of persons contributing to the drive with cash rather than by check, so they couldn't be traced. Some refused to sign because they were afraid McCarthy might persecute sons who hold government jobs.

But one case in Green Bay topped the list of "it can't happen here" stories. A veteran, TV announcer Bob Houle, accepted the chairmanship of the county "Joe Must Go" club after an open meeting at which no one would step forward for the job. Houle's TV sponsors immediately were hounded with calls threatening to boycott their products if they didn't withdraw sponsorship. They did—and Houle lost his job. An active worker for Eisenhower in 1952, Houle gained a personal insight into the McCarthy methods early. While tape-recording an interview for Houle, McCarthy referred to "documentary proof" of Communism in government which he said he was holding in his hand. Houle broke in to inform the audience that McCarthy held in his hand—nothing. At McCarthy's request Houle never broadcast that tape.

Throughout the drive there were examples of courage exhibited by anonymous people which equalled that shown by Houle and by Gore himself (the latter's files are bulging with hundreds of insanely abusive letters which he received after launching his drive). Petition circulators stuck to their appointed rounds despite sometimes discouraging results (many women voters, for instance, refused to sign without their husband's approval) and sometimes threats of violence.

Despite the fact that McCarthy took no official notice of the drive and advised his supporters to spend nothing opposing it, it is safe to assume that it caused some concern in Republican circles. It was certainly a contributing factor in McCarthy's sudden interest in his home state. He spent many valuable week-ends in Wisconsin mending political fences, a task which he had virtually ignored since the last election. Some upstate Republican county organizations took ads in local papers warning voters not to be deceived by "petulant petition peddlers." At the moment Republican leaders are showing a strange amount of interest in Gore's petitions. Perhaps, as he charges, they would like to purge those who signed out of the organization.

They have already tried this tactic once. Republican State Sen. Harry Franke was almost read out of his local GOP organization for backing the recall. The move failed mostly because Franke is a popular figure in his district and probably could have held his post, even without party help.

In the final analysis, though, despite the fear of smear, despite Republican machinations, despite a disappointing lack of interest on the part of labor and the Democrats, the drive defeated itself with its too little, too late tactics.

Now Gore is planning a well-organized drive to take place after the fall elections in which a smaller vote for Governor will probably mean a smaller number of signatures to obtain. With a summer and fall to organize in and with the experience he has gained, Gore may be able to carry the thing off. He has called the recent campaign "the most successful failure in history."

One thing is certain: Leroy Gore and his friends have learned a lot since the cold, windy day last March when Gore stood on a dance hall platform in Sauk City and naïvely told his audience that "a grass-roots movement" could defeat the man who so far is holding the entire US Army in check.

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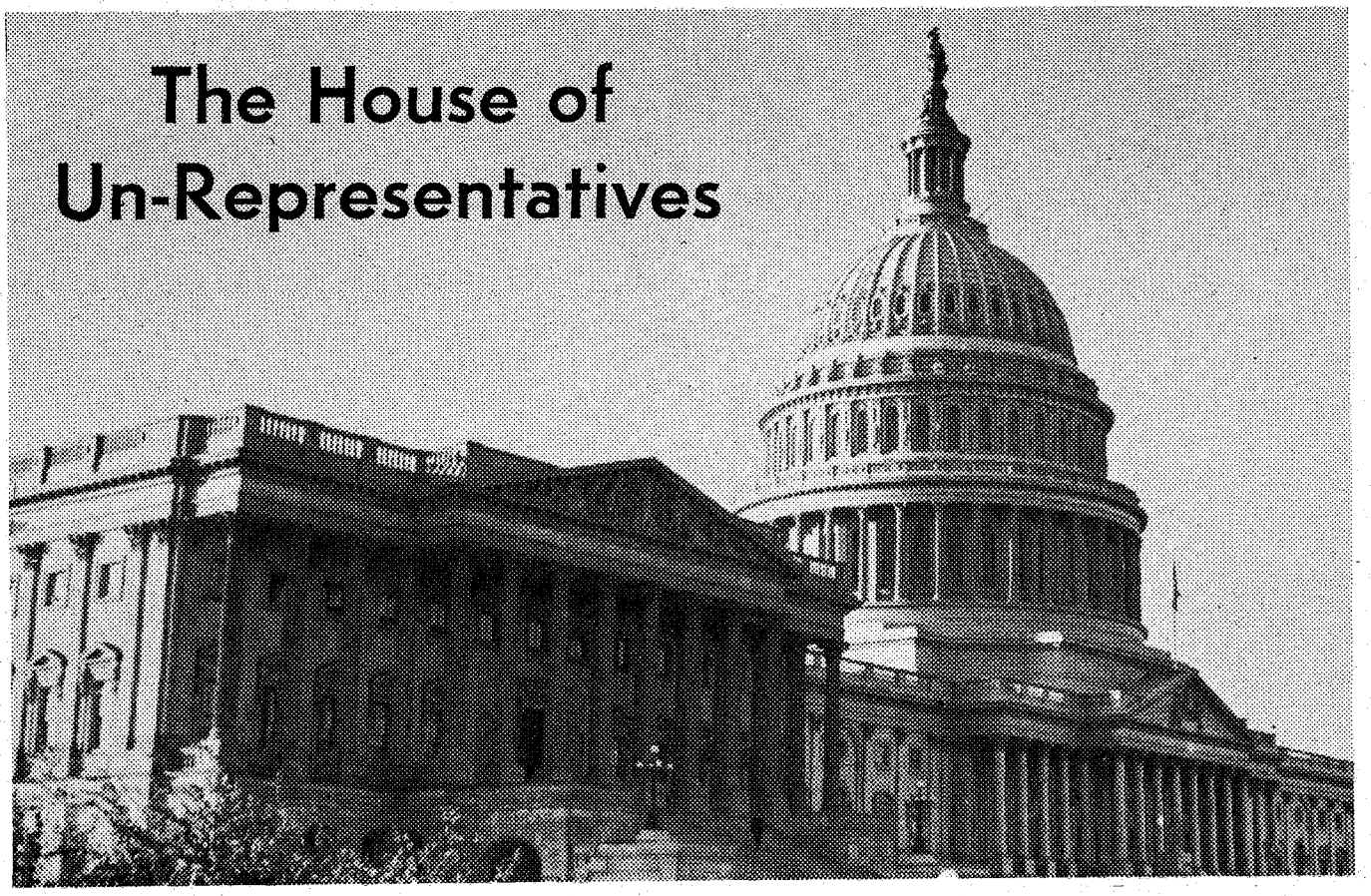
The House of Un-Representatives



by Gus Tyler

MILLIONS of dollars and millions of words will be poured out this year to determine what party will control Congress. Yet the party with most votes in the Congressional contests may not be the party with a majority of representatives. Who controls Congress may not be decided by the electorate but by unrepresentative state legislatures.

THE '54 CAMPAIGN

For instance: There is a proposal currently before the Massachusetts legislature to increase the Republican delegation to Congress by two and to decrease the Democratic delegation by the same number. This will not be done because of a shift in public opinion but because the state legislature decides to do it. In 1952, the GOP elected 8 representatives from Massachusetts while the Democrats elected 6. Should the legislature so move this year, a vote in 1954 identical with that in 1952 would give the GOP 10 representatives and the Democrats 4.

Massachusetts is no exception. The juggling of legislative districts to produce artificial majorities is becoming universal:

► In the US Congress, one representative from Texas represents a district with more than four and a half times as many people as that of another representative from Colorado.

► In one state legislature, a member of the lower house represents an area 300 times as large as that of another representative.

► In 1952, Democratic candidates won a majority of the popular votes in the Congressional contests, but the party ended up with a minority in Congress.

► In the 48 state legislatures, the urban areas representing about 60 percent of the nation's population are allotted 25 percent of House seats.

One American's vote is *not* equal to another's vote in 1954. The cases where one equals one are exceptional rather than normal.

This year, about one-third of the Congressional districts are so stacked, cracked, or packed as to win for the lower chamber of our federal legislature the title of "House of Unrepresentatives." The rigging of seats is deliberate, and artfully so—violating the spirit of the federal constitution and the letter of many state constitutions.

Such unrepresentative representation in the House was *not* one of the compromises written into the federal constitution by its authors. The historic compromise between area and population was made in the Senate.

Gus Tyler is Political Director of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union.

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It was not intended that the compromise be extended to the House.

James Madison, keynoting this issue, openly stated his fears that special interests, in control of state legislatures, would fix elections to Congress in such a way as to retain power for these same interests in the national legislature. Said Madison:

> The inequality of the representation in the legislatures of particular states would produce a like inequality in their representation in the national legislature, as it was presumable that the counties having the power in the former case would secure it to themselves in the latter.

Out of this fear came Article 1, Section 4 of the Constitution empowering Congress to regulate or alter the manner of electing the House of Representatives so as to guarantee its democratic composition. For a time in our national history, Congress used this power to restrain abuses of the states. Right now there are virtually no restraints on the tailor-making of districts to produce Congressional delegations congenial to given parties, interest groups or sectional prejudices. Between 1842 and 1929, there were federal restrictions, providing in various degrees for districts that were contiguous, compact and almost equal in population; these no longer exist. The courts want to keep hands off—to avoid the charge of judicial interference with the composition of the legislature. The state legislatures can't be counted on to do very much about it—they are the prime culprits. What's more, state legislatures themselves are creatures of rigged districts, even more unrepresentative than the federal legislature. Political parties do little to restrain one another on the tacit theory that juggling apportionment is one of the acceptable, though not-so-nice, rules of the political game.

So the evil grows. Only an aroused public conscience can bestir the parties, the state and the federal legislatures to remedial action.

Here's the way the Congress of the United States is composed. The total population of the country (minus the population of Washington, D. C.), after the decennial census, is divided by 435, the fixed number of Congressmen since 1911. The resulting figure is the average size, *by population,* of a Congressional district. The population of the separate states is then divided by the average size of a district and the state is assigned a certain number of seats in the House of Representatives. *It is then up to the state to carve out its own Congressional districts.* The separate states may elect all their Congressmen at large; or may elect some at large and some from districts. The separate states may make some Congressional districts huge in population and others small; may carve out a district that looks like a rattlesnake or may block out a neat geometric design. In short, they may do as they please—and what they please to do is scandalous!

Consider the present House membership. An average seat should represent some 350,000 inhabitants in a perfectly representative situation. If you allow, as does the American Political Science Association, for a 15 percent margin to accommodate geographic, county and other reasonable adjustments, a Congressman should represent between 300,000 and 400,000 inhabitants.

In the present House of Representatives, there are only 252 members who fall in this category. The other 183 come from districts either under- or over-populated.

Here are the figures showing what population is represented by present House members:

Population in Thousands	*Number of Districts*
150-200	3
200-250	25
250-300	62
300-350	**147**
350-400	**105**
400-450	53
450-500	13
500-550	8
550-600	2
600-650	2
800-850	1

The very heavy percentage of over- and under-populated districts is neither casual nor accidental. It is purposely weighted against the urban areas.

The 13 most populous districts represent the following cities: Houston, Texas; Dallas, Texas; Atlanta, Georgia; Indianapolis, Indiana; Birmingham, Alabama; Seattle, Washington; San Antonio, Texas; Columbus, Ohio; Dayton, Ohio; Detroit, Michigan; Miami, Florida; Bridgeport and surrounding cities in Connecticut; Hartford, Connecticut.

The enormity of misrepresentation is most drama-

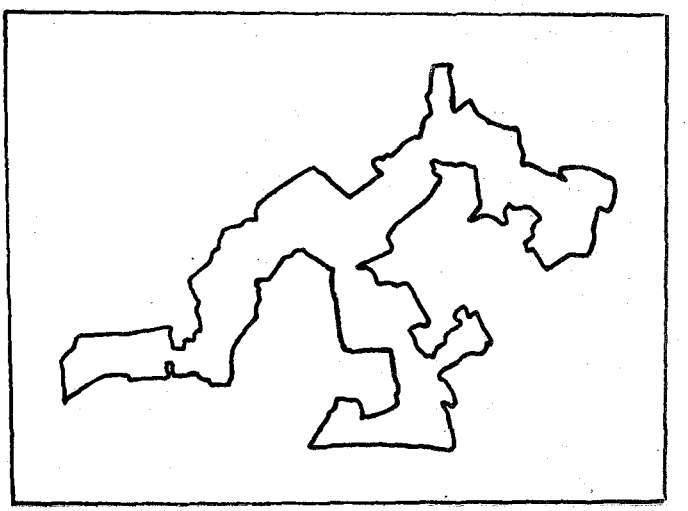

Diagram 1. 3rd Congressional District of Mass.

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tically displayed in contrasting a single district against others *in the same state*:

► In Texas, the Houston district, represented by Albert Thomas, is larger (809,701 pop.) than the *total* of the 17th District (226,739 pop.) plus the 6th District (228,112 pop.) plus the 4th District

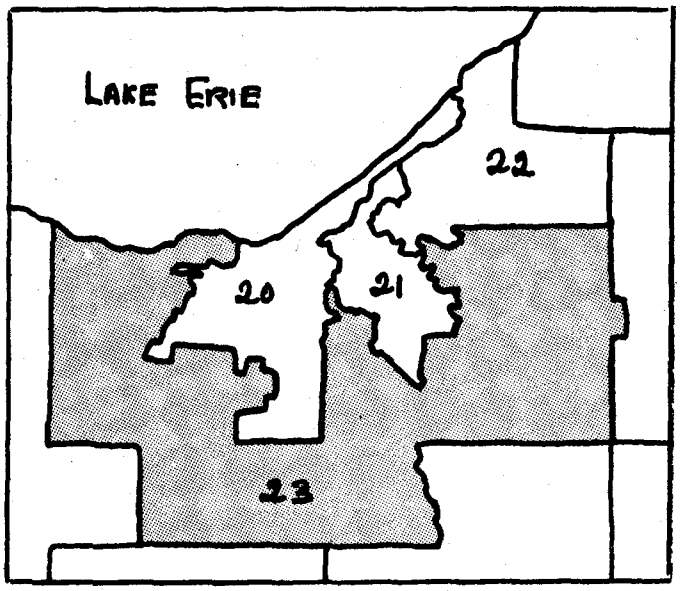

Diagram 2. 23rd District in Ohio

(227,735 pop.). Obviously, if you live in Houston, your vote is worth only about one quarter of what it's worth if you live, let's say, in Cross Plains.

► In Georgia, the Atlanta District, with a population of 618,431, is larger than the *total* of the 8th District with 267,251, plus the 9th District with 246,227.

► In Indiana, the 11th District of Indianapolis is as large as the total of the 6th and 9th Districts.

► In Michigan, the 16th District of highly industrial Detroit has a population of 525,334, which is some 120,000 more than the *totals* of the 12th District (178,251 pop.) plus the 11th District (227,810 pop.) located in the woodlands of the upper peninsula.

► In Ohio, the 3rd District with a population of 545,644, includes Dayton, and is larger than the total of the 15th District (226,341 pop.) in the farmlands of Southeast Ohio plus the 23rd District (240,223 pop.) pieced out of GOP wards in Cuyahoga County.

► In Florida, the 4th District, covering Miami, has a population of 525,401, which is greater than the total of the 7th District (220,479 pop.) plus the 8th District (210,428 pop.).

This system of over-populating and under-populating Congressional Districts in order to make an urban vote worth only a fraction of a rural vote thus guarantees that the House of Representatives shall be heavily weighted against a sector of the population currently estimated at 64 percent of the nation. At the end of the century, the nation was 39.7 percent urban; by 1920, it was 51.2 percent urban; by 1950, it was 64 percent urban. The prevailing system of Congressional malapportionment and districting is an attempt to preserve the political configurations of the past against the socio-economic contours of the present.

These inequities of over-packed and under-stacked districts are viciously multiplied by the craftsmanlike use of gerrymandering. Because millions of American voters learned in their high-school years that "gerrymander" was a word coined about 150 years ago from the name of the unconscionable Governor of Massachusetts, Elbridge Gerry, who carved out a district looking like a salamander to guarantee a seat for his party, these grown-up voters assume that the practice of "gerrymandering" is an historic fossil no longer extant—or only feebly so.

Actually, the gerrymander marches on: his footprints are all across the political map of America.

In the case of Massachusetts, mentioned earlier (*see Diagram 1*) under the gerrymander the Democrats with

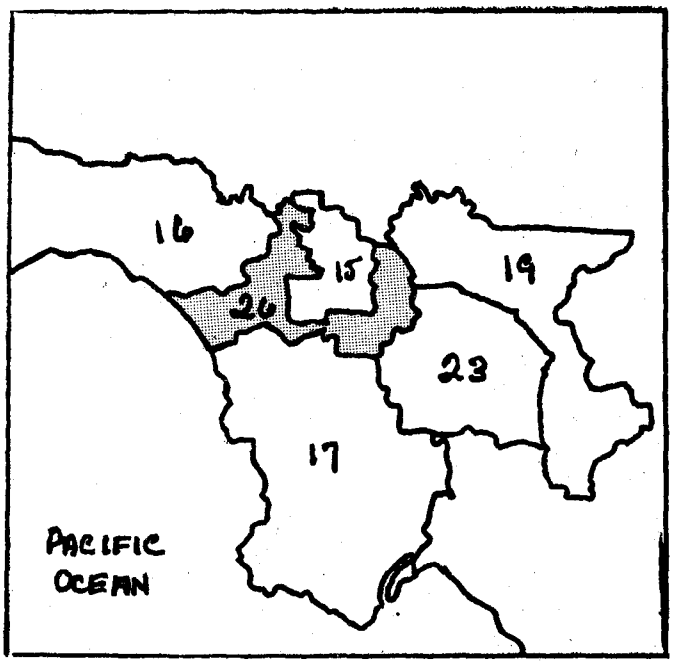

Diagram 3. 26th District in Calif.

46.8 percent of the Congressional vote in Massachusetts, would get 28.6 percent of the state's Congressional delegation. To accomplish this political legerdemain, the GOP will have to create a Third Congressional District that by contrast would make the original gerrymander look like a pattern for fair play. The district would be a long corridor starting in the Southwest portion of the state, near Springfield, wandering north, then bifurcating itself with one arm reaching down to the Connecticut border and the other arm reaching eastward to the suburbs of Boston.

In Ohio, heavily Democratic Cleveland has been so split that Cuyahoga County guarantees two Republican and two Democratic seats (*see Diagram 2*). The 22nd

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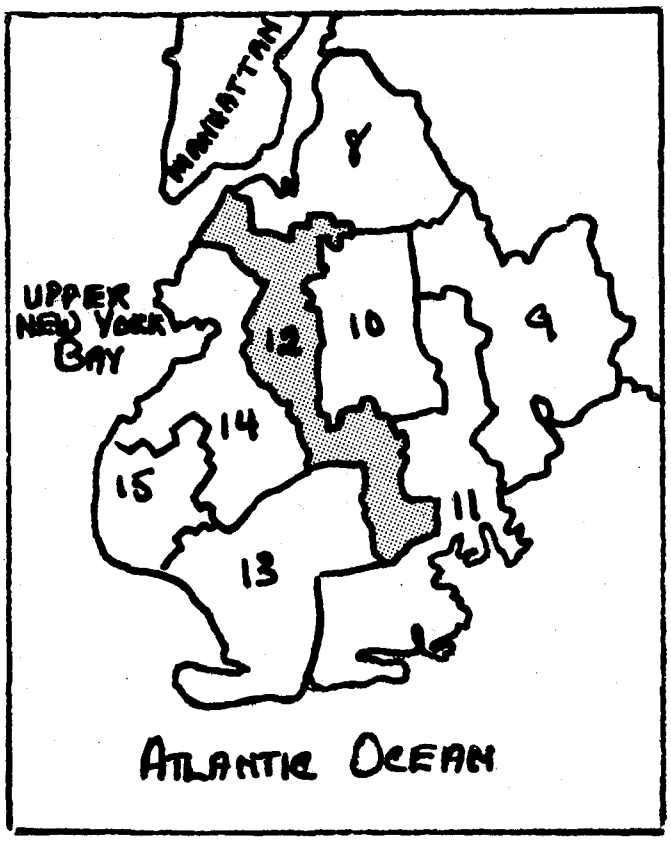

Diagram 4. 12th District in Brooklyn, N. Y.

and 23rd Districts are Republican; the 20th and 21st are Democratic. The artificial character of the districts is obvious from the map. The inequity is compounded by the fact that the two Democratic districts have a total of 847,837 population while the two Republican districts have a total of 545,695. In other words, 60 percent of the people of Cuyahoga County have two Congressmen (Democrats) and the remaining 40 percent also have two Congressmen (Republicans).

In California (*see Diagram 3*), the lazy, crooked "Y" shaped 26th District was used by the Republican-dominated state legislature as a Democratic dumping ground to clear opposition party pockets out of the 15th and 16th District—thereby assuring GOP representatives from the latter two. Result: the Democratic 26th District has a population of 480,827, which is 120,000 more than the neighboring 15th District (360,139 pop.) and more than twice that in the neighboring 16th District (223,139 pop.).

In North Carolina (*see Diagram 5*), the 8th and 11th Congressional Districts are the product of a Democratic plan to make certain that the historically Republican mountain counties in the Northwestern corner of the state shall have not more than one GOP representative by dumping the GOP votes into the 10th District. The Congressional districts chop up the hill country and run down the Piedmont toward the seaboard, so that with 68 percent of the votes in the state, the Democrats control 90 percent of the seats, whereas in neighboring Tennessee (where no such gerrymander is practiced), the Democrats with 70 percent of the vote carry only 77 percent of the seats.

New York State was neatly juggled in the reapportionment before the 1952 election to gain five seats for the Republican Party. Following the new Census, New York lost two seats in the House of Representatives. The two districts abolished by the GOP—on a straight party vote—were both in New York City, where the Democratic Party usually elects the Congressmen. This was done in spite of the fact that in predominantly Democratic New York City, the average Congressional districts have a population of 358,721, while in predominantly Republican Up-state New York the average Congressional District is 330,396. A new district was created in heavily Republican Long Island. And then, in Democratic Brooklyn (*see Diagram 4*), a thoroughly artificial district (12th District) weaved its way through the streets of the Borough, avoiding low income areas and housing projects, to give Johnny Crews, Brooklyn GOP boss, his own representative in Washington. This GOP district has a population of 317,635 while the five surrounding and contiguous Democratic districts have populations of between 367,000 and 382,000.

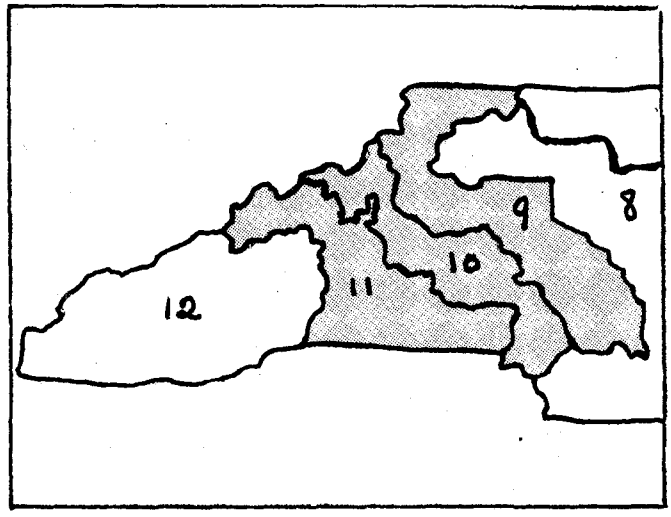

Diagram 5. 9th, 10th, 11th District in N. C.

Commenting on this atrocity, the *N. Y. Times* stated:

> The law is a blatant gerrymander, designed for one purpose only: to squeeze an additional Republican representative out of the City of New York in outrageous disregard of the proper standards for Congressional districting.

Assemblyman Lewis Olliffe (Republican) in demanding later that the skullduggery be repeated in the districting for the state legislature, pointed out to his GOP colleagues that if it had not been for the above mentioned apportionment strategy of the Republicans in New York State, "the Congress would be Democratic today."

Olliffe was right. *The GOP control in the House in the 83rd Congress is the product of a gerrymandered majority!*

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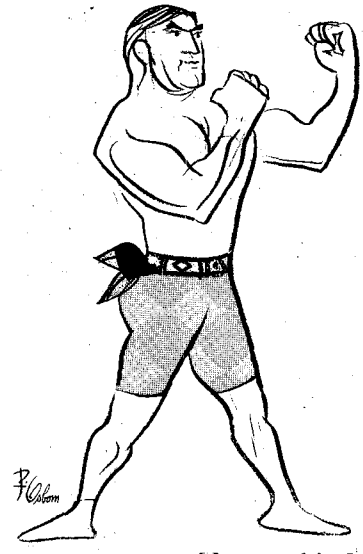
TRIAL BY TELEVISION — VI

The Growth of Stuart Symington

by Michael Straight

THIS reporter, in the Senate Caucus Room, had supposed that the monitored telephone calls would prove to be the hard core of the Army's case. He was altogether wrong. The damaging conversations between Roy Cohn and John Adams were not mentioned. Instead there was revealed a Secretary of the Army running errands for two 27-year-old boys. In January, after all the improper pressures and outrageous acts, it was Love to Jeanie and thanks, Joe, for the marvelous cheese.

There were other damaging calls. In February, when the make-believe world of Secretary Stevens was breaking, McCarthy served a subpoena on him over the telephone. The Secretary called all the Senators connected with the Committee and the last man he reached was Stuart Symington in New York and on his way to Europe. Stevens told him that McCarthy had "really started to beat my brains out." Symington listened and then gave his best advice: to hold up on the Zwicker hearing until he returned, and meanwhile to get a good lawyer. He recommended another Missourian, Clark Clifford, who was his own lawyer, and an old friend. He added that the issue was "the integrity and fighting morale of the Army." And so, he told the Secretary, "everybody who has a concept of what is decent will break their backs to help you." Symington then called his friend, and passed back to the harrassed Secretary Clifford's advice on how to fight.



Senator McCarthy had waited impatiently for the Symington calls. Now he has sprung his long laid trap. The calls concerned the Zwicker fight alone. But McCarthy claimed that the proof was in that it was Symington who had "instituted the charges" against the Subcommittee. He demanded that Symington disqualify himself as a judge and take the witness stand.

Stuart Symington was in trouble, the kind of trouble that was avoided by the judicious John McClellan and the cautious Scoop Jackson, for Symington was neither judicious nor cautious; he was a participant by instinct, and bold—above all in this case.

Stuart Symington's mother was a deeply religious woman who pressed a troubled conscience on her son. His father was a professor of romance languages at Amherst, who worked his way through law school and became a Maryland judge. Like McCarthy, the elegant Democrat knew what it was to be hungry and to work for twenty cents an hour. But his growth took a very different course. He volunteered for the Army at 17. It remained a major concern for him when he married the daughter of a leading Republican whose whole interest was national defense. It became a preoccupation when he moved into the Pentagon as Secretary of the Air Force, a few doors down from Dwight Eisenhower. His concern for depressed morale in the armed forces grew as he toured air force bases.

In addition his uncle was a naval officer, and five of his cousins were lost in World War II and in Korea.

When Stuart Symington ran for the Senate in 1952 he stood as a moderate conservative, in opposition to a Truman Democrat. McCarthy went down to Missouri to campaign against him and for the Republican candidate, James Kem. But when Symington came to Washington, defense and not McCarthy was his great concern. Very slowly he came to resent McCarthy as he watched him run his Subcommittee. But he played no important part on the Subcommittee and disliked it as a futile diversion from his major concern. But when McCarthy turned against the Pentagon his attitude hardened. And when he learned from Secretary Stevens, an old Yale associate, that Army morale was threatened, he felt no detachment as a member of the opposition party. Organization Democrats were privately appalled at disclosure of his intervention in an internal Republican fight. They felt that it obscured the Republican responsibilities and deprived the Democrats of the full benefit of the dispute. But Symington was not acting as a party man. To him Army morale and the Subcommittee Chairman were not party affairs.

In the course of their fight in the hearings, Senator McCarthy maintained that "Sanctimonious Stu," "the man who would be President on the Democratic ticket in 1956," "had pushed a Republican Secretary of the Army into fighting another Republican for the sake of

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his own party's gain. The Democrat answered:

> SENATOR SYMINGTON: Secretary Stevens and General Ridgway, Chief of Staff of the Army, came to see me. Secretary Stevens protested the abuse the Army had received from Senator McCarthy as Chairman of this Subcommittee. Secretary Stevens said the morale of the United States Army was being severely impaired . . . it would have been unthinkable for me to disregard this situation. . . . I'm a member of the Senate Armed Services Committee as well as this Committee. I've served as Secretary of the Air Force. I have no interest in life that surpasses my great concern for the vitality of our Armed Forces. I felt that Senator McCarthy's charges that our defense officials were coddling Communists, along with Secretary Stevens' counter charges precipitated a great and fundamental danger to the United States.

Six weeks before, when the hearings began, Symington was a hesitant man. A sense of incapacity haunted him —above all in a legal dispute. The first words he spoke were offered in apology: "I'm not a lawyer. . . ."

McClellan was never partial; Jackson was rarely wrong. Symington burst out in anger, explaining later, "There's just so much a man can take!" In the judicial inquiry Symington was frequently at a loss. In the drama he became what Stevens could not, and none other would become—the protagonist.

He spoke too often, and with too much feeling. Soon McCarthy, who taunted him on every possible occasion, learned how to rip off his dignity and incite a raw brawl for which Mundt chided them impartially. But where he implied cowardice, McCarthy brought out courage instead:

> SENATOR SYMINGTON: You said something about being afraid. I want you to know from the bottom of my heart that I'm not afraid of anything about you or anything you've got to say any time, any place, anywhere.

Some critics, including this reporter, had thought of Stuart Symington as a master politician laying a broad lane, free of roadblocks, to the White House. They were mistaken. He set aside self interest in these hearings for what he believed was right. He took a great risk, and not a calculated risk. He did not know if he had hurt himself, and for the moment he did not care, feeling that if he went down and took McCarthy with him he would have served well.

No man could foresee then the outcome of those shattering days. In the mind and spirit of the nation, deep changes were taking place. Stuart Symington gave a new focal point to what opposition might develop to McCarthy. He won from McCarthy a public promise to testify in an investigation of his finances—an important opportunity if the Administration follows it up. Meanwhile in the Senate Caucus Room, the edges of the Army brief were beginning to tear.

Through the long afternoon of June 9, Mr. Welch labored to salvage what he could of the Army's case. His elbow on the table, his long fingers tracing the furrows on his forehead, Mr. Welch reviewed what Private Schine did on his many leaves, leading the discomfited Roy Cohn along a winding trail of restaurants visited, money spent, and work completed. Then abruptly he changed.

> MR. WELCH: Mr. Cohn, if I told you now that we had a bad situation at Monmouth, you'd want to cure it by sundown if you could, wouldn't you?
> MR. COHN: Yes, Sir.

To the left of Mr. Welch sat Senator McCarthy. He had listened, frowning and pressing one bulbous end of his tortoise shell glasses deeply into the flesh of his face. Now, unknown to Mr. Welch, he leaned forward with a grin.

> MR. WELCH: May I add my small voice, sir, and say whenever you know about a subversive or a Communist or a spy, please hurry! Will you remember these words?

If Mr. Cohn preferred to forget them, another turned them to his own ends.

> SENATOR MCCARTHY: Mr. Chairman, in view of that question . . .

The Chairman turned his moon-face to the table's end.

> SENATOR MUNDT: Have you a point of order?
> "Not *exactly,*" said McCarthy, lingering on that word.
> SENATOR MCCARTHY: Not exactly, Mr. Chairman, but in view of Mr. Welch's request that the information be given once we know of anyone who might be performing any work for the Communist Party, I think we should tell him that he has in his law firm a young man named Fisher . . . who has been for a number of years a member of an organization which was named, oh years and years ago, as the legal bulwark of the Communist Party. . . .

Mr. Welch had urged the Subcommittee Counsel to give the names of subversives, Communists or spies in sensitive agencies to the responsible officials concerned. Frederick Fisher, a Republican, had joined as a student the Lawyers Guild, once broadly based, and still containing a number of well-regarded men. But these were trivial distinctions to one who called the *Washington Post* "the local *Daily Worker.*" Smiling, and licking his dry lips, McCarthy continued.

> SENATOR MCCARTHY: I certainly assume that Mr. Welch did not know of this young man at the time he recommended him as the Assistant Counsel for this Committee, but he has such terror and such a great desire to know where anyone is located who may be serving the Communist cause. . . .

How he fondled those two words, *terror* and *great,*

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before releasing them! They were spoken in pure hatred.

Why at this moment was McCarthy tearing down his own case? The telephone calls had been a turning point in his favor. Roy Cohn had proved an excellent and persuasive witness. Mr. Welch had conceded that the Army could not hope for complete vindication. The public reaction that had risen against Senator McCarthy had reached its high point and begun to ebb. From now on, if he could control himself, and appear as a moderate responsible leader, that would be the final image left on 10 million television screens. It would have gone far to obscure earlier impressions of brutality. It might once more have opened the door of welcome to the White House and the Republican high command. With the patronage of a great party behind him Senator McCarthy could rise to new heights following this trial. Without that patronage he might be left an outlaw, shouting defiance from the darkness and waiting for some catastrophe which alone could sweep him to power.

WHY THEN did McCarthy tear at himself? The kindest answer was suggested by Roy Cohn. In a telephone conversation on September 23, Secretary Stevens had pleaded with Cohn not to stage a public humiliation of Major General Richard Partridge, Chief of Army Intelligence. Cohn's reply was revealing. "I'm afraid once he gets up there, there will not be too much of a way to stop the thing. . . . You might want a nice gentle fight but once you get in the ring and start taking a couple of pokes it gets under your skin."

Was McCarthy maddened then by Mr. Welch's taunting of his assistant? The exchanges had not been bitter or emotional. On the contrary it was evident that the Senator had waited a long time for this moment. He had come to hate Welch, not because of any single remark made by the Army Counsel, but because he had won the sympathy and admiration of the nation, something that on this stage at least McCarthy wanted for himself alone.

On other occasions Joseph McCarthy had indulged in his hatred. But before he worked over his victims he took precautions to enjoy his pleasure free of the restraints of other Senators, and out of sight. Now millions were watching who would never forget this scene. And yet he seemed entirely oblivious of the world around him. Still grinning, McCarthy turned and looked sideways at the Bostonian. His voice bore a heavy cargo of irony:

> SENATOR MCCARTHY: Knowing that, Mr. Welch, I just felt that I had a duty to respond to your urgent request. . . . I have hesitated about bringing that up but I have been rather bored with your phony requests to Mr. Cohn here that he personally get every Communist out of government before sundown.

Finally, of course, came the condescension as the Senator bestowed on Mr. Welch the benefit of the doubt concerning his own participation in treason:

> SENATOR MCCARTHY: . . .while you are quite an actor, you play for a laugh. . . . I don't think you yourself would ever knowingly aid the Communist cause. . . .

Mr. Welch sat apparently stunned. Then he leaned forward to speak. For a moment McCarthy listened, pressing his tongue along the inside of his mouth. Then he turned deliberately away and talked to his staff. Twice he interrupted, but he could not staunch the flow of eloquence from the outraged man. Mr. Welch described the evening on which he had sent his young assistant back to Boston for fear that he would be hurt. Looking at McCarthy, he ended:

> MR. WELCH: Little did I dream you could be so reckless and so cruel as to do an injury to that lad. . . . I fear he will always bear a scar needlessly inflicted by you. If it were in my power to forgive you for your reckless cruelty I would do so. I like to think I am a gentle man but your forgiveness will have to come from someone other than me.

No longer at the center of the stage, McCarthy appeared to be deeply engrossed in some paper as the Army Counsel spoke. Now he returned to the attack, a little defensive and rough. Mr. Welch, who complained of cruelty, had spent the day baiting Mr. Cohn, he declared, but the Bostonian cut him short:

> MR. WELCH: . . . I did you, I think, no personal injury, Mr. Cohn.
>
> MR. COHN: No, Sir.
>
> MR. WELCH: I meant to do you no personal injury and if I did I beg your pardon.
>
> Let us not assassinate this lad further, Senator. You have done enough. . . .

So, Mr. Welch, in what must have been one of the most terrible moments of his life, was still able to draw the essential line where prosecution stopped and assassination began. The Senator denied the line. The Army Counsel, he said, sought to destroy the jobs and reputations of Frank Carr and—he glanced up at Cohn where he sat in the witness chair. But the young man had been biting his lips and shuddering; unwilling to be cited as a cause for this act, he shook his head.

HAD some feeling of compassion and decency stirred in Cohn, raising a last station on the railroad beyond which the Senator would travel without him? Applause greeted Mr. Welch, which the Chairman did not silence, and breathing heavily in rage and defiance, Senator McCarthy seemed for the first time to be alone in the room. Mr. Welch went slowly to the door. A woman touched his arm and burst into tears. The reporters who had followed him on so many occasions rose now to accompany him, and then left him alone. Mr. Cohn also headed for the door. A friendly reporter asked him if Senator McCarthy's action had disturbed his conscience; not at all, said Mr. Cohn, it hurt our case.

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"The Romans want to be Americans here if they can't be bona fide Americans in the US. Coca Cola has conquered."

Pius XII's Home Town

by Frank Gorrell

IF ITALY appears nowadays to Americans as both a dilemma and a paradox—as the Bridges-Symington report has just said that it does—the city of Rome is the best place to observe it. And the person who understands the dilemma best is the first Roman of them all.

Pope Pius XII is a man of the *urbe* and of the *orbe*—of the city of Rome and of the whole wide world. He is deeply proud of his Roman birth and of his role by birthright as the city's first citizen. He knows it and its people inside out. In addition he tries—probably harder and more successfully than anyone else on earth—to keep in close personal touch with what people all over the world are doing, thinking, feeling, fearing and hoping.

Every day he goes carefully through many reports that arrive regularly from the diocesan intelligence services of bishops of the Roman Catholic Church. He questions on a surprising range and variety of subjects the large number of visitors, both highly placed and humble, who come to the Vatican. And he looks at or skims through a startling number of foreign newspapers. Three of these, moreover, he reads regularly and fairly thoroughly: *Le Monde* of Paris, the *London Times,* and the *New York Times.* He takes them in that order of importance. And incidentally, the *Monde* with whose politics he tends least to agree, is the only one for which the Treasury of the Holy See has to pay—the others come on free lists.

But in his intense and enlightened interest in the affairs of the wide world, the Pope is an untypical Roman. The first of the many paradoxes is that the average citizen of the capital of universalist Catholic Christendom is an extreme isolationist, tending to consider the *urbe*—the city—as the equivalent of his *orbe*—world. Perhaps for that reason the local newspapers are so bad, especially in regard to the amount and quality of their foreign news; the relatively few Romans who want to keep abreast of events "outside the walls" read papers from Milan or Turin or follow the Pope's example in relying on ones from abroad.

On the tenth anniversary of the liberation of Rome by the Americans, a small and noisy minority of crackpot neo-Fascists here prated of "10 years of treason." But most of the rest of the Romans were neither nostalgic for "the bad old days when things were good" nor politically-minded about the present. One of the reasons is that practically nobody believes that anyone would dare use nuclear weapons against this city, and hence that human skins here are safer than anywhere else, no matter what the politicians and generals may decide to do.

Another more important practical reason is that things are good here and now. At least they are good for those who have jobs (which does not necessarily mean work) or who are "carried" by relatives or friends who have. And since a job in Rome tends to mean either living *on* the government—being on the open or covert payroll of the bureaucracy—or *off* the government—profiting from the skill of corrupting it—everything American tends to be popular. For after all the Italian Government and practically the whole apparatus of Roman economy live either on or off the US—its government and its people, especially tourists.

In the old Fascist days it used to be said that everything which wasn't forbidden was obligatory. Now it seems here in Rome that everyone who isn't on the thin edge of starvation manages at least to give the appearance of living on the fat of the land.

Of course if there weren't people living in slums, hovels and even caves, if there weren't jobless and hungry, there would not be a Communist mass movement. And though Rome has fewer relatively than other Italian cities and regions, there are plenty of Communists here; the Party's high command has a bureaucracy competing with that of the Italian state.

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Nevertheless, there's another paradox here. All you have to do (as we have) is to spend a couple of months walking through the streets and byways of this not large town, watching people, talking to them, and above all listening to them. You can't avoid the impression that by and large they are better fed, dressed, housed and in a better mood than the peoples of any other Western European capital city.

THERE ISN'T (and hasn't been since after the Americans arrived) any real austerity here—as in England—until relatively recently. (Hence the wisecrack that the Italians had won a great defeat, the English lost a great victory.) There isn't any economic nationalism (as in France), closing the doors of the country to foreign products. The small artisans, who still make the beautiful things to order in the small, narrow streets, are still at work. But luxury stores, once confined to the Via Condotti, the Via Veneto, the Piazza di Spagna and elsewhere in the *centro,* have appeared in the new neighborhoods that are extending the city limits steadily into the once malarial flatlands beyond the city gates. And mass distribution of assembly-line goods is obvious everywhere—name brands from the US, cheap goods from Germany or Japan.

The ancient ruins and the jumble of 2,000 years of architectural styles are also still here for the tourists. But the Via Nazionale and its cross-streets, the Via Bissolati and many others now blaze with as many neon-lighted signs as an American Main Street. The lovely colors of the Roman street and house walls—honey, sienna, ochre—now have to compete with the crazy pastel shades of the new buildings; there are arsenic greens, powder blues, fever pinks and strange lavenders, not to mention dirty factory whites.

Hundreds of luxury apartment houses have gigantic living rooms, terraces and plumbing marvels beyond the dreams of wives of Texas (or Sao Paulo) millionaires. In some of these houses the paint peels off the walls before the owners move in, but there are maids' bathrooms more impressive than masters' bathrooms in the Passy, Auteuil and la Muette neighborhoods of Paris. To be fair, it should be said that others among the new houses are quite well built, with structural and architectural innovations impressive to foreign experts.

The Communists keep on warning against the evil warmongering of the US, but practically every new product (and many an old one) is given an American name, and by hook or by crook, the impression of an American origin. The result seems to be commercial magic. A large amount of the advertising copy—in a town which has become violently advertising conscious and susceptible—is careful to use an Italo-American jargon, and also in its "art" men and women who are or look like Americans. Simply, the Romans want to *be* American *here* if they can't be bona fide Americans in the US. Coca Cola has conquered.

Italian movie producers made some 300 feature films last year. But the movie houses of Rome—always full—show dubbed Hollywood Westerns and "B's." Books are expensive; but few Romans read anything except sports and gossip—a couple of dozen slick-paper illustrated weeklies outdo Winchell and Lyons.

Rome has been and is a capital of the well-dressed man, and this goes for government employees on the lowest level and workmen too. The *haute couture* for women not only has begun to compete with Paris but—in the US manner—to spread out democratically to a large proportion of the entire feminine population of Rome.

If young men's bright red ties and young women's ballooning circular skirts of heavy and bright red felt have any relation to Communist sentiments (as the color once had), many Roman Communists must find the money to buy bourgeois clothes. There is a vogue at the moment of the red ties and red skirts (showing to advantage feminine proportions which really didn't need any help other than nature's).

The Romans eat as well as they dress. Top restaurants, for example Passetto and Aragno, serve meals at less cost than, say, Laperouse, Lucas Carton or the Grand Vefours in Paris; and at a mere fraction of the highest New York prices. But there are hundreds of *trattorie* of medium-price range, with a surprisingly small spread in prices between the cheapest and the most expensive.

ROME seems to have—again to the naked eye and not statistically—more automobiles and worse traffic jams than any other city of its size. The streets are narrow (and for some strange reason, the ones in the new quarters on the edge of town, filled with huge apartment houses, are being built to the same, absurdly impractical width). Then there are the thousands of motor-scooters which the drivers seem to consider racing Ferraris. What foreigners frequently consider intense individualism is, in fact, in Rome a total absence of social discipline. So when the Romans love to have big things—mechanical things—and to make them go as fast as possible, with as much noise as possible, in what they consider to be the best modern American manner, they neglect to provide (or obey) proper traffic lights or rules. The result is often terrifying.

The traffic problem is further complicated by the size of the buses, twice as large as they need to be. Also there are caravans of monstrously large vehicles packed with tourists. During the ceremonies of the canonization of Pope Pius X, something like 100,000 persons were forced to spend at least one night sleeping in buses, on benches, even in parks. And though the city considers the tourist influx one of its biggest and most profitable "industries," there is no boom in hotel building to match the apartment house construction. There's never enough bed space for all who want to come to Rome.

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GERALD W. JOHNSON

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The Superficial Aspect

IT IS DIFFICULT to figure what would happen to this country if it were hit today by another Telegram to Jeremiah O'Leary, but a great many of us would like to see the experiment tried. If you have forgotten the wording, here it is:

> I would feel deeply mortified to have you or anybody like you vote for me. Since you have access to many disloyal Americans and I have not, I will ask you to convey this message to them.

Jeremiah O'Leary was a man who undertook to dictate to the President of the United States how he should conduct foreign relations. Unfortunately for Jeremiah, the President at the time was Woodrow Wilson and nobody, not even Clement Attlee, had any doubts that he was the only President.

But all of that is irrelevant detail. The significant thing is that this telegram furiously rejecting votes was sent to a voter by an office-holder who was up for re-election. The explanation is that the old Presbyterian was a proud man, not too proud to fight as events proved, but too proud to owe his election to the votes of scoundrels and fools, or men whom he so regarded.

Yet Wilson won the election. He was right in his belief that he could do without the votes of O'Leary and his friends and, in fact, would be better off without them. In 1916 we loved him for the enemies he had made, and it is within the realm of possibility that we might love another candidate who would make the same kind of enemies.

THERE seems to be little prospect, however, that the matter will be put to the test in the predictable future. Deliberately throwing away votes can be, under the right circumstances, a good policy, but it is always a risky one, and it takes pride and iron determination to adopt it.

And pride and determination are precisely the elements most conspicuously lacking in the Eisenhower Administration. The most damaging—because the most credible—charge thus far brought against it is that of a certain moral flabbiness that renders it immune to any shock save that of losing a by-election.

A President is frequently judged by the people he dislikes. But as far as the public has been informed the only people Eisenhower dislikes are Democrats and that makes little impression on the independent vote which he must have if the Republican Party is to win Congress in November. At least three dignitaries, a President, a bishop and a colonel of infantry, must not be too amiable, or things will get out of hand. It doesn't matter much whom they denounce—Theodore Roosevelt made nature fakers and birth-controllers do—but a touch of asperity now and then serves to assure the country that somebody is boss and the situation is in hand.

FAR be it from me to finger any individual to be blasted by the Presidential wrath, but it is my firm conviction that voting the Republican ticket is not an admissable claim to absolution from all sin. There are Republicans in this country whose votes no decent President wants, and by naming a few Eisenhower could tone up the system of the electorate marvelously.

If he picked a Senator, he would not merely alert the public, he would electrify it. Of course, he must have a good and well-known cause, but it should not be impossible to find one. If he would write across some Senatorial record the equivalent of General Forrest's indorsement upon a persistent officer's third application for a furlough, "I tole you twict godamit no!" the effect upon public opinion would be prodigious and, I believe, salubrious.

But it is hardly to be expected. The victor of Normandy has been too thoroughly indoctrinated by third-rate politicians to realize that there is such a thing as a tainted vote. Wilson could send a telegram to O'Leary because he was less of a party man than Eisenhower; he would rather see the party defeated than taken over by people whose ideas and ideals he regarded as villainous.

Yet after the victory of 1916 even his enemies admitted that Wilson was a superb politician, and that branding votes he didn't want was one of his shrewdest strokes. It was a different generation, but one wonders if the American electorate has changed very much in so short a time.

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BOOKS & COMMENT

The Builder of Roosevelt's Presidency

by Frances Perkins

ANY GOOD American biography is likely to be a bit of American history—a view of the portion of the American scene within the subject's dates. The way of life, the locale, customary forms of recreation, the social patterns inherited and made—striking personalities encountered, all these, as the setting for the life and work of the subject of a biography, combine to add to the historical knowledge and general appreciation of the period in which he lived.

The Man Behind Roosevelt, by Lela Stiles (World; $4.75).

The book about Louis McHenry Howe by Lela Stiles is no exception to this pattern of a good biography and gives us a lively glimpse of the period of the "man who made Franklin Roosevelt President." The author insists that this was the real secret of Franklin Roosevelt's growth and emergence as a political leader.

She has made a readable and interesting book, of considerable importance, because of the light it throws on the political setup now marked for permanent significance as "the New Deal."

Miss Stiles draws a picture of the early America from which Howe's ancestors came—middle class, middle location, middle or moderate-minded people, doing their duty and building up the country; coming from Vermont and Massachusetts to go West, selling buggy whips and other incidentals to pay their way.

His pioneer ancestors married into settled Puritan families. They became students at early colleges in New England and New Jersey. Strains of Virginia families married with them. Miss Stiles comes down to Louis Howe's childhood in Indianapolis. With a few quick strokes she sketches a picture of a boy, delicate in the extreme, sickly, unable to romp like other children, but leading a very comfortable life in a well-to-do family, with a pony phaeton; a puny, peculiar child, unable to play rough games or be a leader in physical activites.

Even as the author describes Howe's childhood, one begins to understand his need for an alter ego who is a hero, handsome, strong, athletic, charming, but, also, with intelligence to match his own. Before I had finished the first chapter, I was saying to myself, "Is this the destiny? Is Franklin Roosevelt to be brought to this world at the right time to meet and to supplement this singular man so gifted mentally, so handicapped physically and psychologically?"

When the Howe family moved to Saratoga, young Louis' life impinged upon the fantastic and ornate gaieties of the Springs in the days when the great bizarre hotels—the United States and the Grand Union (torn down and auctioned piecemeal as recently as 1953)—were at the peak of their careers.

The father of this boy was a strong, vigorous man, owning, editing, and publishing a Saratoga newspaper. He was a bigoted Democrat in a world that was exuberantly and successfully Republican in the days of Grant, Garfield and Arthur. He must have been a vigorous personality, gifted with ample skill in the vituperation permitted by the newspaper code of that day.

Louis went to high school (a typical American picture and a pleasant one) in Saratoga, discovered that he had some charm, some skill at dancing, and at theatricals, and won local renown for his high school productions of Shakespeare's plays. He generally felt better and more hopeful as he emerged from adolescence.

He went to work, of course, on his father's newspaper and developed the salty cynicism that stayed with him throughout his newspaper and political career. Cynicism was always to be a part of Louis Howe's equipment for news discovery and news analysis. "If a ward leader tells you something as a fact," he said to me years ago, "say nothing, but take action as though the exact opposite were true, then you won't be disappointed or betrayed." Politics in Saratoga and the surrounding counties seemed to have been full of examples which would justify some of Louis' conclusions and techniques.

His new strength and gayety gave him enough drive to spot Miss Grace Hartley of Fall River, Massachusetts, among the summer boarders at Saratoga Springs, to lay a persistent, carefully planned campaign to persuade her to marry him and then to carry out the agreement before she could change her mind, or have it changed for her by a somewhat startled Mama. One is grateful to Miss Stiles for turning up this romantic episode in Louis' life, which few friends knew and which would have seemed so unlikely to the average observer of Louis Howe in his 1933-36 Washington period. But the courtship, in which he exploited the excitements and fears at the outbreak of the Spanish-American War to persuade this correct New England girl to a secret marriage (across the Vermont line just to make it more dashing and like a Scottish border episode). Many of us who knew Louis only in politics saw him operate in the same secretive and dramatic way. He dearly loved a good story, a good play, in politics as in love, and he couldn't resist spicing up a situation.

After his marriage and the arrival of children, his growing reputation as a newspaper man led him to the New York papers and in 1907 to an assignment to be the Albany correspondent at the State Capital for the New York *Telegram* and the New York *Herald.*

Louis' first view of Franklin Roosevelt was from the press gallery in the Senate chamber at Albany. Howe had read, but rather snootily, the story of this young distant cousin of the great Theodore Roosevelt who claimed to be a Democrat instead of a Republican, who had got elected in Dutchess County as a sort of a lark and who was an altogether unlikely personality from Louis' point of view for a Democratic Senator. Still Louis liked the name. He had been an admirer of T. R., so he looked at this young man as he entered the

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Senate on his first appearance with some interest. He found him handsome, strong and athletic, self-confident, self-assured, with an air of courage and easy manner—the qualities he lacked and admired. He watched him with interest in all that he did, but within a short time, according to his biographer, Louis had marked him as a man to watch.

Roosevelt had won what looked like a hopeless election in a Republican county. He wasn't liked by the downstate Democrats; he was regarded as a silkhat, but he had style and could make a dramatic entrance. Louis loved dramatic flare, and Roosevelt had it. Louis always enjoyed a show and Roosevelt was putting one on. Within a few weeks, the lines of political conflict were drawn, and Roosevelt leaped into a conflict with Tammany Hall, apparently with gusto, took the lead in rounding up 20 other dissatisfied Democrats and staged a fight against the naming of William Sheehan United States Senator at the dictation of Charles Murphy, boss of Tammany Hall. It looked like mutiny and Louis liked that; he liked the courage and the nerve. He wrote favorable pieces about the revolt: "they have conceived something of the spirit of the old martyrs." A bit theatrical perhaps. The keen enjoyment of drama which Louis displayed here and at many other times during his life raises the question in the reviewer's mind if this was the key to his judgment in matters both personal and political.

Howe interviewed young Roosevelt in the midst of the fight and he apparently told his biographer that on the night of his first interview and first talk he came away . . .

> so impressed with Franklin Roosevelt, his seriousness, his earnestness that from that moment we became friends —and almost at that very first meeting I made up my mind that he was Presidential timber, and that nothing but an accident could keep him from becoming President of the United States.

On the next Sunday, Louis, taking his wife to church, pointed out young Roosevelt to her saying: "See that tall young fellow, that's Franklin D. Roosevelt. Someday that man will be President of the United States. You wait and see." This was in the autumn of 1911, and the author stakes out that date and those two episodes as the basis for the claim that Louis Howe was the "original Roosevelt man." And neither his mother nor his wife nor Roosevelt himself have claimed any earlier premonition of his political significance and certainly no political leader did.

What's more Louis Howe instantly espoused the cause of Franklin Roosevelt. That he adopted Franklin Roosevelt might perhaps be a better phrase. This biographer's comments throughout the book combined with comments of other people who knew him later on in his life and their own observations would indicate a kind of an emotional transference, a psychological incident in which Louis Howe projected himself into Franklin Roosevelt's mental and spiritual and political life. He took him on.

Roosevelt and his success became a project, which was Louis' permanent preoccupation. It is almost a brooding maternal preoccupation as protective as the brooding mother of Freudian myth. From this time on he would forward him, he would correct him, he would rebuke him, he would teach him, he would train him, but always he would promote him, and he would *never* permit anybody else to do the same.

In later years Louis Howe often said "I am Franklin's No man;" but he would not tolerate any other person attempting to disagree with the President. Everyone else must say that FDR was right, and if any one tried to say no to the President or to disagree with him, Louis automatically moved against him.

Louis Howe's sudden and dramatic attachment to Franklin Roosevelt certainly had a great reaction on Roosevelt himself. The fact that another human being believes in one, believes one to be brave, true, able, and invincible does a great deal, particularly to a dramatic-minded man, to keep one working hard and never flagging.

Louis Howe even believed that the upstart Roosevelt would win his mutinous fight against Boss Murphy. Hardly anyone else did believe it, but Roosevelt withstood the tedium of an eleven months' deadlock and Tammany succumbed. Louis Howe it seems won a hundred dollar bet on the outcome. Viewed in the light of history, this fight was not very important, but it had important political reverberations and it drew attention to a previously unknown young man; it even drew the attention of Woodrow Wilson and a number of Democratic leaders functioning on the national level, who began to think of Roosevelt as promising. They little knew that Louis Howe had already promised success.

As a matter of fact, one now looks back at this struggle and sees that it was a *tour de force*, a dramatic, good, spicy story. Louis Howe loved it and so did FDR. The young man was just out in the world and he wanted to lick something. The Senatorship designation was the symbol of bossism, ridiculed and repudiated by decent men since the days of the Tweed ring. A righteous victory and *fun* too. Howe's favorite expression all through the years, *"the donkey's got his ears back"* illustrates the admiration he felt and enthusiasm he expressed for the fighting mood.

Some critics may question if Howe's admiration for the fighting style perhaps pushed Roosevelt into fights that were not necessary, but that question will always be unanswered. Louis Howe after being a newspaper reporter chronicling Franklin Roosevelt's actions, became his aid, advocate, and general manager in the spring of 1912. The occasion was the organization of the New York State Wilson Conference, composed of independent Democrats supporting Woodrow Wilson for the Presidential nomination. Young Roosevelt's scrap qualified him as an *independent* Democrat. He became chairman of the executive committee and asked Louis Howe to do the publicity. Louis left his paper and started to write and circulate propaganda letters, newspaper articles, and pamphlets with a good deal of effectiveness. It was at this time that he addressed a letter to Franklin Roosevelt calling him "beloved and revered future President." Howe showed this letter to many people as documentary evidence of his discovery of Roosevelt as a Presidential possibility.

The degree to which Louis Howe identified himself with Franklin Roosevelt, acted in his name, on his behalf, and sometimes with slight knowledge or understanding on FDR's part, is illustrated by the story of Roosevelt's campaign for re-election to the New York State Senate in 1912. The regular Democratic machine naturally did not propose to let this young man come back to the Senate and most onlookers felt

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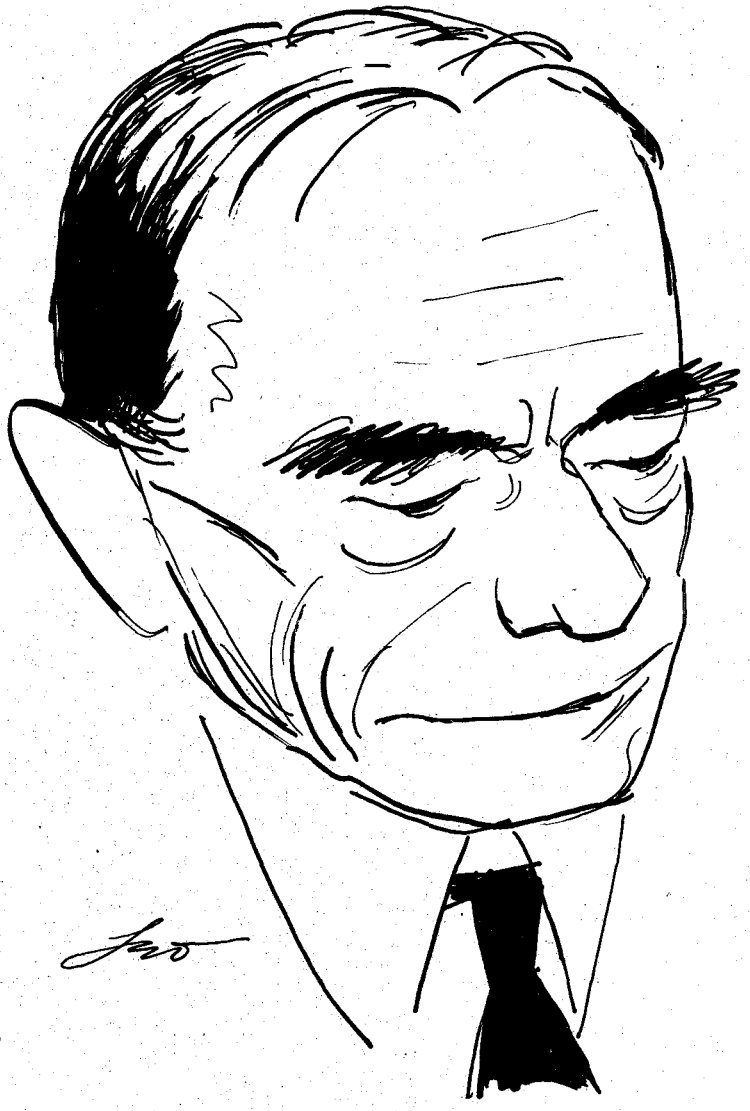

pretty sure that he wouldn't. Roosevelt appears to have optimistically assumed that because he won the fight on the Senate floor he could win the fight in the hustings against Tammany. Unfortunately, Roosevelt came down with typhoid fever and was flat on his back when the campaign was due to open. Louis Howe was out of a job with the successful ending of the campaign to nominate Wilson, and Roosevelt, facing weeks of illness during his campaign, telephoned his new friend saying to him, "You run the campaign, you'll have a checkbook and a free hand."

Howe made a plan, aimed at not only electing Roosevelt to the Senate of New York but at putting him on the upward path to what had now become Howe's goal. It seems doubtful to those of us who knew Roosevelt that he shared this idea of an ultimate goal at that time, and this biographer certainly produces no evidence that he did. He wanted to get re-elected and in his usual easy-going way gave Louis his head. Louis took over and practically without consultation with Roosevelt, who was pretty ill, wrote thousands of personal letters. He used every known device to make the letters appear very personal and above partisan politics. He wrote them and committed Roosevelt to all kinds of projects. He committed him to the support of woman suffrage, to all kinds of progressive social legislation, to labor legislation which was just then being proposed in New York State. He toured the district, he attacked the opposition candidate for not making personal contacts to the voters. Once in a while he showed FDR an advertisement that he had run or a statement he had issued in his name saying, "I thought you might like to know what I am getting you in to as I have pledged you to all this."

Roosevelt's sense of humor accepted all this, and the success of the campaign in which he was re-elected naturally enhanced his confidence in Louis Howe. This method of merging their personalities in a political enterprise is significant for the future and it's obvious that they had fun in politics.

Roosevelt's political progress to being a part of the Wilson Administration as Assistant Secretary of the Navy is discussed here from Louis Howe's viewpoint. Both Roosevelt and Howe by this time seemed to have taken it for granted that where Roosevelt went Howe would go. There are elements of humor in the description of the efforts of both Howe and Roosevelt to accustom themselves to the admirals and to the formalities of the paper work required—and, of course, to the ever present jealousies between oldtimers and newcomers in any new government.

Louis Howe was looking all the time for opportunities to bring Roosevelt into contact with groups which would eventually be in a position to vote for him. As such, the men who worked in the navy yards, in the gun factories, and on the docks, seemed to Louis of more practical significance than the diplomatic and political social leaders of Washington. He insisted that Roosevelt go personally and inspect the navy yards, that he personally take an interest in the problems, that he see labor leaders himself and not delegate that task to some assistant as had been the custom previously. Louis persuaded him to spend hours listening to labor leaders who didn't even have a complaint. This political hunch was good and FDR made friends in labor circles who spread the news by inference and word of mouth all over the country. Roosevelt was okay so far as labor was concerned.

The amount of work which Howe did during the years in the Navy Department was astonishing, but we're glad to know that he had some pleasure too, that his family was growing and prospering that he had a chance to sing in a Washington choir, take a leading part in a local amateur theatrical society and make friends in a wide variety of circles. He always took care of Roosevelt, personally, intellectually, politically. This book is full of interesting episodes of the Navy period, and one's respect for Louis Howe and his versatile intellect grows as one realizes the degree to which he mastered technical detail and

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political problems. His writing improved almost to the point of being a high-grade literary accomplishment. Josephus Daniels, the Secretary of the Navy, commented about him in his book, *The Wilson Era*:

> His style was luminous and convincing . . . Roosevelt leaned upon Howe whose devotion made him sensitive to every wind that might affect his public career. Even in 1913 he expected to see Franklin occupy the White House . . . his only ambition was to steer Franklin's thoughts so that he could take the tide at the full.

The complications of New York State politics, Roosevelt's abortive move toward the nomination for US Senator from New York (not approved by Louis Howe), the beginnings of a reconciliation with at least some of the Tammany Democrats is treated in this book with fascinating recognition of the important details. This must be the result of considerable research, for Miss Stiles did not share this period with Louis Howe as his secretary, but she has managed to give not only the known facts, but the color of the situation as well and particularly to illustrate the picturesque way in which Louis conducted campaigns. Louis' political sophistication comes out in certain repeated statements "You will have 380 letters to sign immediately, as I am having them written on your *best* paper, you are to sign them personally." "Now is our time to get busy before any other candidate is trotted out." "We can't shoot holes in the opposition platform until I see it." "Play the game in the same way as in the Senate campaign. I'll go gunning in the rural districts and will use your nice stationery and will impress the rural mind." "Find out what the silent voters (not organized) are thinking. Ask advice of everyone. That flatters them." "Don't forget to wear your plug hat in the Labor Day parade."

An amusing, but still significant action at this time, was Louis' action in discarding for publicity purposes many of the earlier photographs of Roosevelt, which made him look remote, haughty, and possibly arrogant, and substituting an attractive, smiling, photograph of FDR. This was a substantial political move. I always had wondered when and how the old Roosevelt disappeared and the new friendly one came into public realization. It was at this time too that Louis definitely advised Roosevelt to "show that you do not hate *all* Tammany." By 1915 we find Louis advising Roosevelt to make a speech in New York supporting Alfred E. Smith who was Tammany's candidate for Sheriff. Roosevelt had served with Smith in Albany, admired his liberal policies and his general ability and regarded him as free of the "undesirable Tammany characteristics." The part that Louis Howe played in building up generally favorable newspaper reaction to FDR emerges in this biography. He had an uncanny sense of how to attach FDR to all of the liberal and progressive movements which were now beginning to dominate American life.

Roosevelt allied himself with Al Smith when he campaigned for the governorship. He began to be a figure in New York politics and by 1920 he was a delegate to the Democratic National Convention in San Francisco. There he not only made himself conspicuous and popular but was nominated by acclamation as the candidate for Vice-President. It was obviously hard for Louis Howe to let FDR go off to this convention without him but he was entranced with the result. They both knew that it was probably a hopeless campaign, but Louis urged him to take this opportunity to make himself well known to the public and to the Democratic political leaders all over the country.

Roosevelt's enthusiasm carried him through it all and he continued to be optimistic even while Louis Howe knew that this was only a dress rehearsal. That he thought of himself at this time as the king-maker and a definite part of Roosevelt is clear from something he is reported to have said to Navy associates where he returned to clean up some paper work after the defeat. He pointed at the White House and said, "That's where Franklin is going someday," a pause, then smiled, "Franklin and I."

Perhaps the most touching and revealing section of this book is the part that deals with Howe in connection with Roosevelt's crippling illness beginning at Campobello in 1921. Howe was deeply shocked when the news reached him, dashed at once to the island, instantly gave up an excellent and highly remunerative job he had agreed to take and addressed himself to the task of saving Roosevelt, physically, mentally, and politically. He performed the most personal and intimate nursing assistance. He helped the family face the situation, but from the very first moment he was thinking of the way to handle the publicity in such a way as not to have an unfortunate effect politically. He shocked Mrs. Roosevelt by saying early in the illness "the public must not see him until they see him cheerful and smiling. The wrong thing at this time might wreck his political career," and when she asked if it was possible that Franklin still had a political future, he replied, "I believe someday Franklin will be President." There was a quality of greatness in Louis' simple, determined, consistent belief in his dream, and that, of course, was what made it possible for him to carry through this difficult period without damage to Roosevelt's political reputation. Howe maneuvered the transit of Roosevelt from the island to the mainland: FDR was carried aboard a sleeping car on a stretcher, protected from public view, so that not until he was safely established in a lower berth, sitting up, propped with pillows, smiling, cheerful and provided with a cigarette to smoke and wave, was the public permitted to see him.

From then on Louis Howe worked with Roosevelt, not only to help him overcome terrible effects of his illness, but to help him learn all that he needed to know for the future realization of the dream. He even went so far as to say to Roosevelt and to others that the sympathy of the public would accrue to him as the result of this. "I am betting on a sure thing." Miss Stiles reports that years later Louis said to her:

> Sometimes I doubt if Franklin might have ever been President if he had not been stricken down, tragic though it was. He had a thousand interests, *you couldn't pin him down.* Then suddenly he was flat on his back with nothing to do but think. He began to see other people's point of view, he thought of others in trouble, he dwelt on things that had not bothered him before.

Louis saw to it that he thought about and studied the complexities of politics and that he posted himself on the problems and details of American government. Together with the help of devoted friends and Eleanor Roosevelt

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they won that fight and Louis became convinced more than ever that Roosevelt could not be licked. It was apparently Louis Howe's decision that Mrs. Roosevelt should enter politics at this time, keeping alive the name and idea of Roosevelt.

The nomination of Al Smith for President at the 1928 Democratic Convention in Madison Square Garden was to be Roosevelt's first public appearance, and Louis had the satisfaction of knowing that not only had Al Smith begged him to do it, but that Charlie Murphy of the Tammany high command had also urged him to. Howe obviously staged FDR's appearance at Madison Square Garden. He thought out, planned and executed every detail as a competent stage manager does. Louis saw it as a show designed to promote a certain dream. It was enormously successful. The speech which he had undoubtedly assisted in preparing was mightily effective, but the appearance was even more so and the emotional response created a basic feeling for Roosevelt which never disappeared for the rest of his life.

Miss Stiles gives Howe the credit for the selection of Jim Farley, commissioning him to go out to the country to "build the President" and she leads the reader through the intricate moves, the behind the scenes actions, the developing of favorable publicity, the seeing ahead and providing against problems that might arise in the future.

Louis, for instance, realized that in the tough campaign for the Presidency the question of the degree of crippling both mental and physical might be an issue and he early took steps to get a competent medical authority, who knew FDR's case and had examined him, to make a clear statement that could be given to the public when necessary. Miss Stiles gives plenty of credit to the work of the women's division headed by Mary Dewson and points out that Louis Howe co-operated with them and believed in them enthusiastically.

The climax of course of this book is the election of Roosevelt as President, but Louis Howe's emotional responses to the earlier crisis of Roosevelt's nomination and election as Governor of New York are intimately gone into. Since the book is about Louis Howe and not about Roosevelt, except as he was the project of Louis Howe's life, a large part of the story is told from behind the scenes. Howe became ill in 1934, and the White House days did not have as much of Louis Howe in them as did the earlier ones. Miss Stiles is clear in her mind that the phrase "the only thing we have to fear is fear itself," which Roosevelt used with such effect in his first inaugural, was a phrase of Louis Howe's which he had often repeated, which he had contributed to the speech and which he feared (when he saw all the new advisors working on it) might be cut out of the speech. Miss Stiles is sure that the Press Conference of Mrs. Roosevelt was an idea of Louis Howe's, and that he not only suggested it, but prepared her for it. Certainly, it was a political innovation and a profitable one to the Roosevelt Administration.

Louis' inventiveness and insight, his courage and boldness are illustrated in his early grasp of the problem that was set up by the arrival of the second bonus marchers early in 1933. The provision for a camping place, a ready acceptance of the idea of coffee all day and the promotion of the idea that the bonus marchers were nice people and should be treated as such was dear to Louis. He took Mrs. Roosevelt out to the camp, he went frequently himself, and he took the President out to pay them a visit. Always the good cup of coffee and the friendly smile were used to handle a difficult situation. Louis was stage managing this difficulty.

The CCC had been really for many years a pet project of Louis' and FDR's. It sprang first out of Roosevelt's interest in reforestation and land utilization. They let their imaginations run away with them, and Louis almost thought that it was the great solution of the problem of work for the unemployed.

It was a good idea, but it had to be handled carefully. It was an expensive form of relief and a very cheap form of labor. Experienced administrators had to take it over quickly to keep it from becoming a ridiculous project with sick men, derelicts, cranks, and others dashing off to the woods to do something to trees. Louis had visions of recruiting bands marching through the streets of the great cities inviting unemployed men to come along and follow the flags into a forestry job. I, myself, had visions of people being lost in the woods, unaccustomed to it, dying of pneumonia, trees being chopped down when they ought to be protected, and forest fires started by unaccustomed city men trying to keep warm.

At first, Louis didn't think much of the system of recruiting from families on relief and the rigorous system of reference by responsible agencies as to character and health, but he welcomed my idea that the forestry service be asked to take charge of the project and see that the work was properly done, and finally he assented to my desperate recommendation that the army, which had tents, cots, blankets, dishes, cooking equipment, and a system of ordering and buying food supplies, as well as officers who knew how to do it, be asked to take charge of the physical care and management of the camps. He was greatly pleased with the final outcome of the movement. It was, indeed, a brilliant idea, giving emotional as well as physical relief to many thousands of people.

The picture of Louis Howe is vivid, warm, and engaging. It becomes clear why Roosevelt loved him so much and why the people who worked for him, adored him. This book makes it possible for thousands of people to know him, for he emerges as a real person. One is happy that he had so good a wife, such satisfactory and loving children, such a sense of happiness in his friendship with the Roosevelt family and such a fulfillment in the dream of making a president. He must have died with an inner realization that he had kept the faith. He had made Franklin Roosevelt President and already was able to see clearly that he was a great President.

Frances Perkins was Roosevelt's Secretary of Labor throughout his administration.

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CORRESPONDENCE

► Replies to Catholic Critic

In a letter (*NR*, May 24), Father Purcell objects to my review of his book, *The Worker Speaks His Mind on Company and Union* (*NR*, April 12). He accuses me of presenting a stereotype about Jesuit scholars which claims that their individual conclusions are determined *a priori* by their Roman Catholic orientation.

To disprove my case, he writes that among Jesuits there are "many areas of dispute and healthy disagreement." Thus he considers my use of the phrase "Catholic labor principles" to be inappropriate. Yet in a Paulist Press pamphlet of 1939, Rev. Gerald C. Treacy, S.J., introduces a discussion of *Rerum Novarum* by writing:

> The Pope as Supreme Teacher of Christ's Revealed Truth feels it his responsibility to speak on the condition of Labor. As the Supreme Interpreter of God's Law, he will enunciate *the principles that must govern the relationship between Capital and Labor.*" (Italics mine).

I am not so naïve as to believe nor did I intend to imply that there are no intellectual differences among Catholic scholars. But the nature of Catholic social dicta is such that there are predetermined limits established by the Church within which Catholic scholars may differ but with which they may never disagree. The Catholic scholar, Henry Somerville, writes:

> The Church cannot profess neutrality in social questions and allow her members to form their political and economic affiliations as their sympathies and interests dictate, unembarrassed by religious or moral considerations. By declaring the social question to be moral, the Church precludes her abdication from this realm.

As a perusal of Catholic encyclicals and pastoral letters shows the Roman Catholic Church has well established precepts for the trade union movement. Can Father Purcell deny that *Rerum Novarum* and *Quadrigesimo Anno* make authoritatively clear the Catholic position in respect to private property, class conflict, trade unionism, radical leadership, and Socialism? Can Father Purcell deny that these encyclicals make it impossible for a Catholic clergyman to advocate Socialism even should he encounter data which would convince him of the validity of this point of view?

I have no doubt of the honesty and diligence with which Father Purcell devotes himself to research. But "the eye sees what it takes to the seeing." The very methodology used and questions asked shows how consciously and unconsciously his beliefs and value systems inject themselves into the research. I am not denying Father Purcell the right to his bias, when I warn of it. But I feel that his work must be evaluated with the full recognition that Catholic social thought exerts tremendous influence on Catholic scholarship in the social sciences. It is axiomatic that objectivity and individual judgment are bound to be casualties wherever there is a rigidly postulated ideological system.

Father Purcell points out that "several psychologists, economists, and statisticians" welcomed his work. Like all scholars, this was done in terms of their knowledge of his subject and does not place his work beyond the specific type of criticism that was made in my review and in this letter, which I feel I have made in good faith on the basis of my own research as a political scientist in the field of Catholicism and trade unionism.

MARC KARSON

Topeka, Kansas

► US Economic Offensive

I should like to endorse the two articles by Samuel P. Hayes, Jr. (May 10th and 17th) about the state of our present foreign economic policy. The free world (the world free of Communist domination) consists of many proud and independent nations. We do not wish them to be satellites, but we do need to reduce their suspicions of our motives and increase their willingness to participate with us in co-operative programs. Military strength is dependent upon economic strength. Political co-operation is related to co-operation in other fields. Liberal and generous economic policies will support our political and strategic objectives.

Mr. Hayes' main point is that we are not beginning to realize the potential value of foreign economic programs and policies in strengthening and consolidating the free world. Military strength is useful for defense, but we need a series of bold and constructive programs based on a mutuality of interest to win the conflict with Communism in third areas.

WILLARD L. THORP

Amherst College

► Farmers and Flexibility

I was very interested in reading Henry Wallace's article in the *New Republic* for May 3. I must say that for the most part I agree with him.

Farmers here in Ohio have been hurt by falling prices but as yet I think the majority of them still favor flexibility over 90 percent guaranteed supports.

C. MAURICE WIETING

Ohio Farm Bureau Federation

Columbus, Ohio

► For Summer Travelers

I am writing to draw to the attention of your readers who are planning to travel abroad this summer the opportunity to meet European liberals which is offered by the ADA Trips Abroad program.

Through its activities over a period of years, Americans for Democratic Action has developed contacts in Europe which it would be difficult, if not impossible, for an individual to match.

DAVID C. WILLIAMS

Americans for Democratic Action

Washington 6, D. C.

► Destructive Criticism

I am appalled by your decision to permit Prof Sidney Hook to write for the *New Republic*. His acid review of Commager's *Freedom, Loyalty and Dissent* reaches a new low in cynical and destructive criticism. . . .

WALTER GERSTEL

Berkeley, Calif.

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What Is Opinion?

A JOURNAL OF OPINION has always to face the attack of the practical man that it is a mere vehicle for dilettantism, which wastes in expressing sentiments the energy which should go to the presentation of sober fact and sound data. There is far too much opinion at large in the world already, he thinks. What he wants is not more opinion, but a guide out of the fog-bank into some clear light.

Opinion is a view of a situation based on grounds short of proof. In a valid opinior they must be *just* short of proof. Good opinion is not spasmodic. The mind must have made a very wide sweep, made the complete circuit of the compass. It must first have hunted down the predisposing prejudice and neutralized it, and then bent itself to discovering all the factors that converge upon the situation. A good opinion places the event or person or idea it is judging firmly in a scheme of things.

But good opinion is not flabby and uncertain. It is not a "much to be said on both sides." It is an interpretation with a definite slant and bias. But it presses hotly for proof. It does not object to examining itself, to publishing the source of its interpretations. It takes you freely behind the scenes. It is not afraid to show you the foundations of the categories and terms in which it is expressed. It will let the bony frame-work of its presuppositions stand out rather boldly at times. It invites criticism. What it wants is to understand, to get the thing it is judging rightly placed, to grasp its true meaning in the world.

If such opinion is to be this force of the future, there cannot be too much of its guiding thread. Yet it constantly becomes not easier but harder to form valid opinions. We are stunned by the volume of what there is to know in the human world. We have every day set before us infinitely more than we can possibly digest. We run the constant risk of missing completely the relevant and the important. Discussion and universal reading have not really made popular opinion any more intelligent or reliable. They have merely made great masses emotionally articulate, rendered prejudice more vociferous and varied. The need for interpreters, for resolute expressers of opinion, becomes therefore more urgent.

Even if real opinion is a Utopian ideal, and no mind can ever make the wide survey and go through the stringent processes necessary to form it, the brave effort must always be made. Its best will not be valueless. To work at breaking up the cake of intellectual custom, at setting the new terms and values that current society needs will be not to remain entirely futile in the modern world. Quixotic as the enterprise may seem, it is the formation of opinion and not dusty scholarship and solemn cant that will enlist the goodwill and best endeavors of those who aim to think worthily.

Randolph Bourne
New Republic, 1916

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